

“NOT UNTO US”

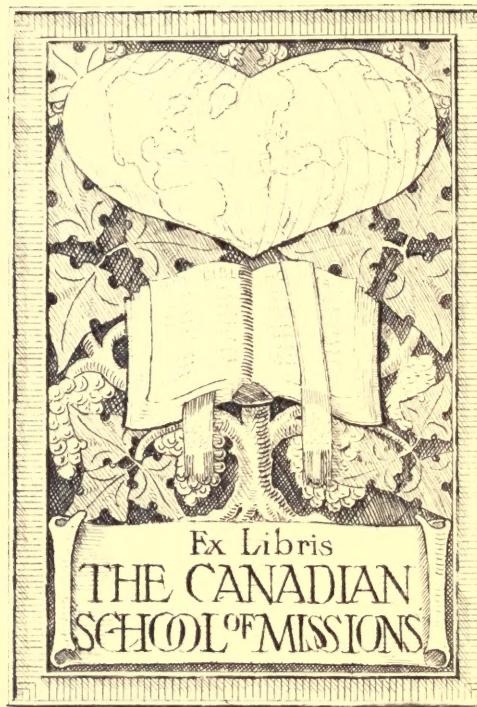
A RECORD OF
21 YEARS'
MISSIONARY
SERVICE,

By Dr. HARRY
GUINNESS.

REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION.

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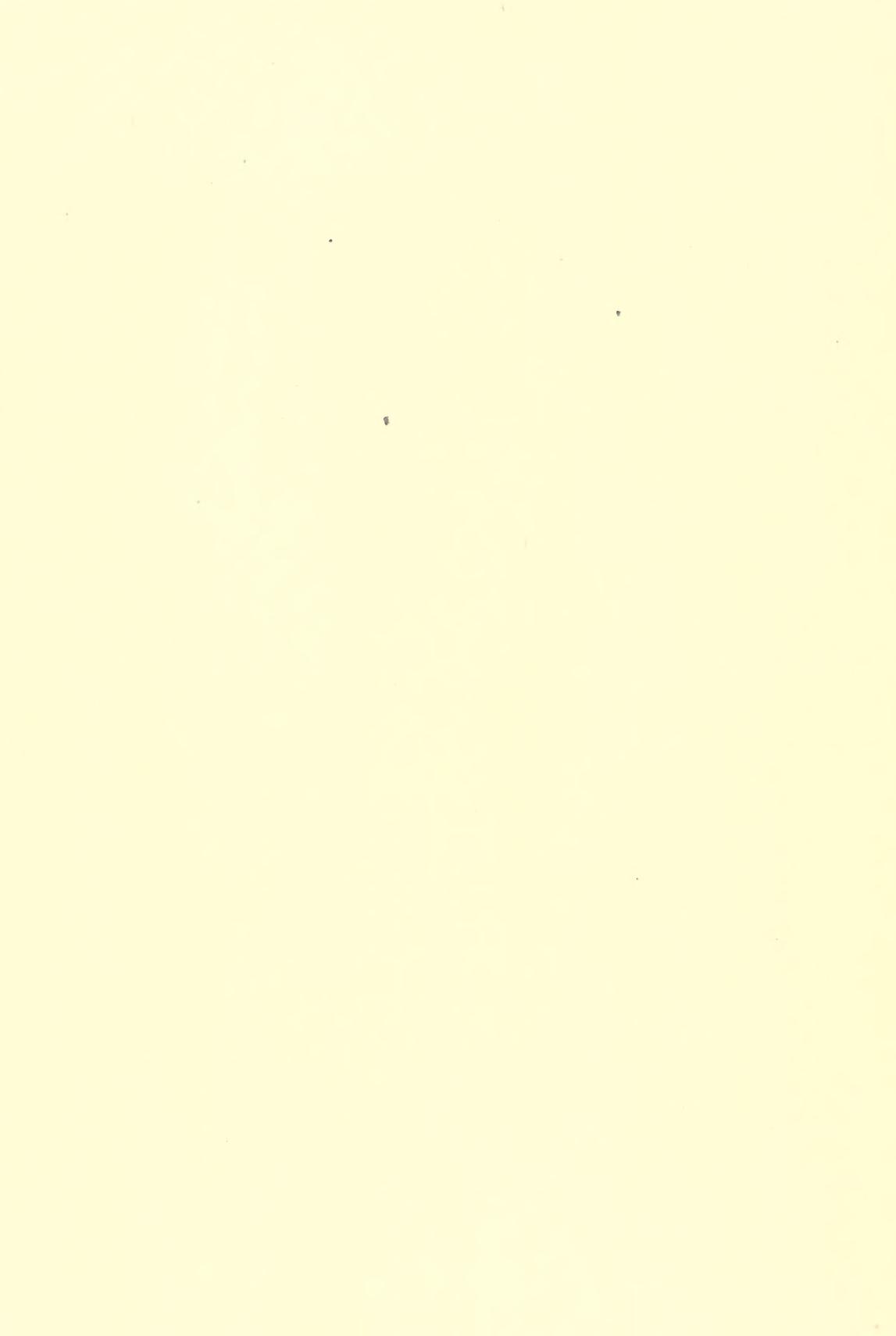


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THE REV. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D., F.R.A.S.,
Founder of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union.

“NOT UNTO US:”

A RECORD OF
TWENTY-ONE YEARS'
MISSIONARY SERVICE.

... BY ...

DR. HARRY GUINNESS.



*“Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name
give praise.”*



REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION,
HARLEY HOUSE, BOW,
LONDON, E.

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*The photographs of the late Mrs. H. Grattan
Guinness, Sen., the Rev. George Hanson, D.D.,
and Sir Andrew Wingate, on pp. 12 and 25,
are by Messrs. Elliott & Fry; those of Dr. and
Mrs. Harry Guinness, Miss Geraldine Guinness,
the Rev. J. Westbury Jones and Professor
Richardson, on pp. 18, 19, 20 and 36 are by
the Stereoscopic Company, London; and those
of the Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M.A., Principal
Jackson and Mr. Schofield, on pp. 25 and 36,
by Messrs. Russell & Sons.*

Foreword.

T seems hard to believe that twenty-one years have actually fled since that snowy day in March, 1887—our wedding day! In anticipation, one and twenty years seemed almost a lifetime,—in retrospect, how brief! And surely it is well to pause at vantage points such as this “Coming of Age,” to review the panorama of God’s goodness, and to erect our altar of grateful praise. We, too, would bring our stones from Jordan’s bed, to remind the generation following “What God hath wrought.”

In venturing thus to gaze over the years, and note the outworking of the divine purpose, we desire to emphasize the goings of God, rather than the doings of man. And yet after all these cannot be divorced. So in these pages we will not attempt to sunder what God hath joined together. All that is permanent is “of Him,” and “to Him” alone be the glory!

“Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give praise.” For if of mercy fruit be found upon the branches, it is only because Thou art the Vine, and all things are of Thee.

H. GRATTAN GUINNESS,
M.D.

June, 1908.



HARLEY HOUSE, AND THE ADJOINING HOUSES OCCUPIED BY THE R.B.M.U. IN BOW ROAD, LONDON, E.



Introduction.

“Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord Thy God led thee.”



SINCE this book may fall into the hands of many who are unacquainted with the origin of the work to which we have devoted the last twenty-one years, I venture to give in this introductory chapter a few historical paragraphs.

Its beloved founder, whose excellent portrait, taken at Brisbane, is reproduced as our frontispiece, looks back not merely on twenty-one years of contact with student life, but on twice that period. Exactly twenty-one years before 1887, when in the midst of his evangelistic labours, he established a class for young men in the city of Dublin with the object of studying with them, Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*. As it turned out, this class foreshadowed the Institute yet to be, and among the Irish students of those days were two young men destined to occupy important spheres of service—Thomas J. Barnardo and John McCarthy, subsequently of the China Inland Mission. In the providence of GOD, Hudson Taylor was invited to address the class, with the result that several men were led to offer for the foreign field. Young Barnardo afterwards went to London in order to train as a medical missionary, but during his hospital career he was brought into contact with the appalling problem of neglected childhood, the solution of which was destined eventually to claim his life-service.

* * *

After twelve years of indefatigable and successful mission work on both sides of the Atlantic, and on the Continent of Europe, my beloved parents, moved by the condition of the heathen world, themselves volunteered for missionary effort in China. Being, however, somewhat debarred by age from acquiring the intricacies of the difficult language, they were eventually led, partly through the advice of the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, to the establishment in 1873 of a Training Institute in East London, where men of

various denominations might be prepared for the Master's service at home or abroad.

The growth of this movement, known as the *East London Training Institute for Home and Foreign Missions*, was from the first remarkable.

By 1874, the earliest home at 29, Stepney Green, had already become too small for the work, which, in consequence, was moved to Harley House ; and in the following year, Cliff College, Derbyshire, was added. In 1879, Harley College was built, at the lower end of the ample garden in Bow, and thus, within six years of the foundation of the movement, it stood possessed of two capital buildings for the training of men. Doric Lodge, an institution for the preparation of lady



THE LATE MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

missionaries, was added by my mother in 1884, and since to do invaluable service.

* * *

The actual development of foreign missionary work as an integral part of the movement, dates from 1878, when, in association with a small committee of friends, my parents undertook the formation of the Livingstone Inland Mission to the Congo. The name was intended to suggest both a noble example, and a definite aim, and the early workers who went forth from our midst proved worthy followers of the great-hearted Scotsman



CLIFF COLLEGE, DERBYSHIRE.

who died on bended knees by Bangweolo's shore. They founded station after station on the Lower Congo, and in the Cataract Region, reaching Stanley Pool on the Upper River after years of toil and suffering. Then, by means of the ss. "Henry Reed," they carried the Gospel as far north as the Equator. In spite of frequent sickness, and deaths oft, these early missionaries struggled on with a most admirable heroism, until Pentecostal blessing crowned their labours and another chapter was added to the miracle of modern missions.



DR. HARRY GUINNESS IN 1887.

"NOT UNTO US."

In 1884 the movement, then six years old, was handed over to the American Baptist Missionary Union, as the responsibilities in connection with its prosecution had grown too heavy for the hands of my beloved Mother, the Honorary Secretary of the Mission. The Swedish brethren in our ranks, when the Mission passed under American management, formed themselves into a separate society, and have since done blessed and important work on the north bank of the Cataract

Region of the Congo. One of their number, Neils Westlind, translated the whole of the New Testament, and he and others have gathered thousands of converts into the Kingdom of GOD.

* * *

Brought up in the atmosphere of this world-wide interest, it was not surprising that each member of our family should, in the long run, become identified with the cause of foreign missions. With the object of preparing for medical missionary service, should this be the LORD'S will for me, I entered the London Hospital in 1880, and on the completion of my medical studies, five years later, the way providentially opened for me to spend nearly two years in evangelistic labour in Australia and Tasmania. These were days of never-to-be-forgotten blessing, fruits of which still remain to the glory of GOD. The open and effectual door granted to the preaching of the Word caused me sometimes to wonder whether I was called of GOD to the life of an evangelist to English-speaking peoples, rather than to labour in the foreign field ; but the problem, through divine guidance, had another solution.

In March, 1887, I was united in marriage to Miss Annie Reed, the daughter of the late Henry Reed, Esq., so well-known alike for his Christian philanthropy and for his fearless proclamation of the Gospel in Tasmania and the old country. Both to Mrs. Guinness and myself, the fact that my parents had for some time been seeking partners in the conduct of the Institute and had found none, specially appealed, and in response to their earnest desire that we should share their burdens, and constrained by a profound sense of the divine call, we settled down as "London Director," and



MRS. HARRY GUINNESS, WITH HER MOTHER, MRS. REED, IN 1887.

"Honorary Secretary" in the old East London home of my boyhood, thus enabling the beloved parents to live at Cliff College, in Derbyshire, the beautiful country branch of the Institution.

* * *

And now,—Cliff has passed into other hands, good hands, doing noble service. It was a terrible wrench to part with the old place, endeared to us all by a thousand ties. GOD's will in the matter, however,

was made very plain. As one result of the Boer war, applicants for missionary training seriously decreased in number,—funds, too, were exceedingly low. This combination of circumstances suggested the propriety of concentrating College work in London, with a view to simplicity, economy, and efficiency, and this step taken in 1901 has since been abundantly justified. At this juncture it became known to us that the Rev. Thomas Cook was seeking such a centre as Cliff for the permanent establishment of the



LUCY GUINNESS KUMM AND HER TWO LITTLE SONS.

“ Joyful News Mission,” founded by the late Rev. Thomas Champness, and carried on in view of the needs of the villages of our own land. To him, eventually, the property was sold by the trustees, and in his hands new buildings of importance have been erected, and splendid work is being done in the old place, where Wesleyan Methodism has found a paradise for its lay evangelists during term time, and for its visitors during the pleasant months of summer. We rejoice that the Rev. Samuel Chadwick, of Leeds, is now associated with the Rev. Thomas Cook in this work of training village missionaries.

* * *

Down by the flowing Derwent, where the branches droop over the stream, and the old church at Baslow stands in the midst of its quiet God’s acre, has stood for ten years the white cross which perpetuates the memory of the “ Mother of the Congo,”—and my Mother!

What she was to this movement, I cannot venture to describe, but when she was compelled by paralysis to lay down the unwearying pen which hitherto, under God, had been the mainstay of the work, she watched the passing of responsibilities into other hands, with a joy as touching as it was beautiful to behold.

On every recollection of that noble life of loving service, her children rise up to call her blessed, happy if they may be privileged to follow in her steps.

* * *

Another loved one whose pen contributed powerfully to the success of “ Regions Beyond ” has left our side,—my dear sister, Lucy Kumm. Her quenchless zeal and devotion for the unreached and neglected millions of mankind was, in my experience, unique ; and imparted to her writing, beyond the pathos and brilliance which always characterized it, a certain quality of inspiration, which was formative and permanent in its results. In this way, hers was a most important share in the initiation of missionary movements in South America and India.

Her little boys are full of promise, and the vast Sudan, to which, with her gifted husband, she gave her closing years, has made the voice of its need known the wide world o’er.

* * *

As to the beloved Founder of the “ Institute,” which has grown into the Union of to-day, the honoured Father whose pen and voice have reached the world,—who, in a paragraph or two could sketch the work accomplished by him during this stretch of twenty-one years ?

Just a few outstanding facts may be recorded. Driven by ill-health to

seek a warmer climate, he spent 1889 in the United States, travelling as far as California and Mexico. In the following year, he returned once more to the States, preaching wherever he went. As one visible result of these visits, two Bible Schools sprang into existence. One in Minneapolis, presided over by Dr. Henry Mabie, who subsequently became the distinguished Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union,—the second at Clarendon Street, Boston, under the guidance of the late Dr. A. J. Gordon, a friend and admirer of my father, and himself one of the noblest of men. These Bible Schools have gone on ever since, and accomplished a valuable work.

The missionary addresses delivered at a Convention of Y.M.C.A. Secretaries in Kansas, resulted in a new missionary movement, which gave birth, *inter alia*, to a small mission in the Sudan. That my Father, who in association with my Mother, and a group of Welsh friends, had originated work on the Congo in 1878, should now be used of God to arouse missionary enthusiasm for the Sudan, on both



MRS HARRY GUINNESS, 1908.

sides of the Atlantic, enthusiasm which was destined to bear definite missionary fruit, is matter for profound gratitude.

His journey to India in 1896, with my sister Lucy, resulted in the publication of her splendid book, "Across India, at the dawn of the 20th Century," which later became one of the factors in connection with the establishment of our mission in Behar.

In the following year he visited China, where my sister, Mrs. Howard

Taylor, and my brother, Dr. Whitfield Guinness, were labouring in the ranks of the China Inland Mission.

In 1903, he was united in marriage with Miss Grace Hurditch, daughter of the well-known Russell Hurditch, and with her, and their little son, has just returned from a four-and-a-half years' tour in which he has exercised a helpful ministry in many lands,—China, Japan, the Philippines, New Guinea, the Australasian Colonies, and South Africa. In these and other regions he has been privileged to see many of our former students at work and to cheer them by the way.



DR. HARRY GUINNESS, 1908.

And now once again he is in our midst, almost as vigorous as of yore, and with heart as young. He is hoping to live at St. Leonards for a while, and to lecture, preach, and, above all, write, as God may open the way.

The following is a list of the books which have issued from his pen during the last twenty-one years :—

“ Romanism and the Reformation ” (1887). “ The Divine Programme of the World’s History ” (1888). “ The City of the Seven Hills ” : a Poem (1891). “ Creation Centred in Christ ” (1896). “ Light for the Last Days ” (1891). “ Key to the Apocalypse ” (1899). “ History Unveiling Prophecy ” (1905). “ Lucy Guinness Kumm: her Life Story ” (1907). “ The Story of Job ” : a Poem. (1907).

* * *

The photograph of Mrs. Reed, and her eldest daughter, taken on the eve of our marriage, twenty-one years ago, speaks eloquently to some of us of the “ then,” and we rejoice that the Mother who at that time gave her daughter to this work, although far away, still lives to bless the world by prayer and gift. Only last year, at eighty-one years of age, she published the life of Henry Reed, whose devotion to God and man thus reaches the living generation with inspiring freshness.

The family group tells the story of to-day, and affords, I trust, a prophecy of the days that yet shall be. We touch the personal element, not because we love to do so, but because we think our friends would like to see how much we have to be grateful for—boys as tall as their father, and a daughter already called to help Peru with voice and pen !

Of my Wife, we may only say, that, as Honorary Secretary to this work, her quiet, noble life has been of inestimable value. Gifted with remarkable common sense and mental balance, her advice is sought for in countless directions. For several years after our marriage, Mrs. Guinness used to accompany me in my deputation work throughout the country, operating the splendid lantern which has played so prominent a part in that sphere of service.

In 1895, her motherly sympathies prompted the origination of a Home for the children of missionaries. For eight years she was solely responsible for the finances of that work, which, however, in 1903 was transferred to the Union, on the occasion of the incorporation of the movement. She still continues, however, to watch over the welfare of the children committed to our care, aided in this direction—as also in connection with Doric Lodge affairs—by a Ladies’ Council formed in 1907.

* * *

In the work what changes the passing years have brought ! Generations of



THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF DR. AND MRS. HARRY GUINNESS.

students have gone forth from our midst into many lands, and the old College, in its wide-stretching East End garden, might tell a story could it speak. In one sense, indeed, it is vocal, for its very walls are eloquent with the cumulative record of the fleeting years.

There on that large oak panel, near the door, are the names one remembers so well of all the early pioneers of Congoland . . . the men and women of the old "L.I.M." And here all round the walls are similar panels which bear their silent testimony to heroism which has not shrunk from death itself in the high places of the field. Yonder *in memoriam* tablet, opposite the platform, gives our roll of Chinese martyrs. It tells of fourteen former students who, through the agonies of Boxer massacres, entered into the joy of their Lord. And the shining words linger in the memory—*"These are they which came out of great tribulation."* Three boards filled with names—one hundred and fourteen in all—tell the story of the Congo Balolo Mission from its birth in 1888, and three others remind us by their record that Argentina, Peru, and India have come to share with Congoland our sympathy and succour.

* * *

With the addition of these foreign missions, the whole movement could no longer be adequately represented by its early name. It demanded a simpler, wider description, which eventually was arrived at by combining the title of its monthly periodical, "Regions Beyond," with "Missionary Union," the American synonym for Missionary Society. The new name was adopted in 1900 and in 1903 the work was formally incorporated. We received our new title at a time of deep significance. Then, as now, the Christian Church stood face to face with unbounded opportunities for missionary service. The century behind her had opened wide the doors of every Moslem and of almost every Pagan land. "Yet," as my sister wrote, "she loitered on, half heedless of her obligations towards those

"REGIONS BEYOND of populous Lands to which she had never gone ;

"REGIONS BEYOND of life consecration to which she had never risen.

"REGIONS BEYOND of unknown financial devotion to CHRIST ;

"REGIONS BEYOND of undreamed-of spiritual blessing springing from practical obedience to her LORD ;

"REGIONS BEYOND of world-transforming power to which she was still a stranger because she knew so little of the

"REGIONS BEYOND of Prayer."

With the growth implied in the new name, corresponding changes were involved in the administrative department of the work, and to-day the executive power of the Union is vested in a Board of Honorary Directors, who commit the practical conduct of affairs into the hands of one of their number, called the Acting Director. The latter works in association with a series of Councils which meet every month for the consideration of the affairs of the Union both at home and abroad. The Directors, who also meet monthly, are further aided by "Field Committees" composed of our senior missionaries. These Committees control the local operations of our foreign missions, working along lines previously laid down and accepted alike by Directors and missionaries. These arrangements are collectively known as the "Principles and Practice" of the Union.

* * *

What shall I say of the many helpers God has given to this cause, and by whose invaluable co-operation the work stands firm? We thank God for them all,—and, in particular, for our *Honorary Directors and Members of Council*, some of whom, amidst incessant claims, have given, for many years, unstinted time and disinterested effort to this branch of the Master's service.

From the very first year of our identification with the work at Harley House, the Rev. F. B. Meyer has been more or less closely associated with us. Thus, in 1887, he amalgamated his paper "Worship and Work," with "Regions Beyond," and used on occasion to come down from Leicester to lecture to the students. Eventually, ten years ago, he became Co-Director with my Father and myself, fusing with this movement a small training-home which he had been led to inaugurate. When, in 1901, I suffered from a terrible attack of typhoid fever, and was subsequently invalided to the Australian Colonies for twelve months, he it was who undertook the responsibilities of Acting Director during my absence, even residing at Harley House in order the better to afford his aid. His help at this period was invaluable, and we owe him a lasting debt of gratitude for his self-denying devotion to the work.

Now that he has resigned the pastorate at Christ Church, Westminster, and is contemplating prolonged absences from England, on world-wide service, he has felt compelled to resign his connection with us, and with other movements, with which he has been prominently identified. We unite in wishing him "God-speed" in his present visit to South Africa. May his bow continue to abide in strength!

* * *

At present, our Directorate is composed of six gentlemen, in addition to the Acting or Managing Director.

The Rev. George Hanson, M.A., D.D., is the minister of the Presbyterian Church of England in Marylebone. He is highly esteemed both in Dublin, where he laboured before his call to the Metropolis, and in the West End, where during recent years his genial influence has made itself widely felt, not alone in Presbyterian circles, but in every good movement which has claimed his sympathy.

Pastor R. Wright Hay is beloved throughout the Baptist circles of this country. Born of Scotch parentage, and educated at the Edinburgh University, he went out in 1884 as a missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society to the Cameroons, West Africa. On the cessation of the Society's work there, owing to the annexation of the country by Germany, he was transferred to the Indian staff in October, 1887, and appointed to labour amongst the Bengalese of Dacca, being the first missionary specifically



THE REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.



THE HONORARY DIRECTORS OF THE REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION.

set apart for the work of evangelizing Indian students. Invalided home, and forbidden by medical advisers to return to the field, he was appointed Secretary to the Young People's Missionary Association in 1898. In the autumn of 1901, however, he felt the call to the pastorate and united in labour at the Talbot Tabernacle with Pastor Frank White, upon whose retirement he succeeded to the full responsibility of that work. We greatly rejoice that in the providence of God the deep spiritual influence of our friend, coupled with his missionary experience in two of the very continents where our missionaries are at work, should be available in the conduct of the R.B.M.U.

The Rev. John Stuart Holden, M.A., is well-known as one of the speakers and missionary deputations of the Keswick Convention. In the latter connection, he has visited China and South Africa, and done excellent service. Formerly one of the staff of the Church Parochial Mission Society, with which the Rev. Hay Aitken was prominently identified, our friend is now the Vicar of St. Paul's, Portman Square, W., but spares time in the midst of his busy life to aid us by his wisdom and counsel.

Mr. Theodore Howard, one of the oldest friends of the Founder of this work, is not only a Director, but renders signal help as Honorary Treasurer of our Union, a position in which he succeeded the late Sir Arthur Blackwood. Mr. Howard, who is also Home Director of the China Inland Mission, has a wide experience of missionary oversight and responsibility.

Mr. J. Christie Reid, of Bromley, Kent, became our Deputy Treasurer in 1906, but for the last ten years he has faithfully served on the Congo Council. After his return from China, last year, at the close of special deputational work on behalf of the English Presbyterian Mission, he joined our Directorate, and we rejoice to have the benefit of his long and valuable business experience.

Sir Andrew Wingate, K.C.I.E., entered the Bombay Civil Service in 1869, and after occupying many important positions, eventually became Commissioner of the Central Division of Bombay. His extensive Indian experience, extending over a period of more than thirty years, allied as it is with fervent missionary zeal, renders his advice of peculiar value.

* * *

To the helpers who share with us in the routine labour of this work from day to day, we can but briefly refer. In Harley College, the chief burden falls upon Principal Forbes Jackson and our senior tutor, Mr. Schofield. The latter, in the article on “Mental Culture,” which appears on a subsequent page, has not praised the late Principal Rattray—the grand old man of Cliff—one whit too highly. But upon the shoulders of this

modest author himself rests the mantle of Elijah, though he is unconscious of the fact ; and we often feel that in him Mr. Rattray is with us still. If Mr. Schofield cannot make a man a thoughtful student, his case is hopeless indeed !

In Principal Forbes Jackson we have a man of strong and unique character. Scotch, he unites to all the determination and plod characteristic of that wonderful people, a vein of imagination, poetry and humour. So effectively, for instance, does he enter into the times of the ancient prophets, concerning whom he may be lecturing, that, as one of his hearers lately told me, his very language unconsciously takes on the characteristic speech of Isaiah, as he seeks to transport himself and his students to the days of long ago. Robust, common sense, and thorough-going, Mr. Jackson is doing much to raise the College standard, and this is clearly recognized by Missionary Societies, who now readily accept our students without insisting on any further period of preparation in Denominational Institutions, as years ago used frequently to be the case.

* * *

As a rule, the health of both students and deaconesses is excellent, but needless to say influenza sometimes troubles us, and medical and surgical maladies occur which necessitate skilled attention. Our neighbour, Dr. Robert Milne, is ever ready with kindly help in this department of service, and we are most grateful to him for his invaluable aid. All missionary candidates for the R.B.M.U. are very carefully examined as to medical fitness for the field. The responsibility of deciding this question falls upon the three members of our Medical Council, Mr. W. McAdam Eccles, of Harley Street, Sir Patrick Manson, the specialist for tropical diseases, and Dr. Milne. To each we tender our grateful thanks. Any ophthalmic work needed is efficiently undertaken by Mr. S. Stephenson ; and Mr. John McAll has been most kind in regard to dental matters.

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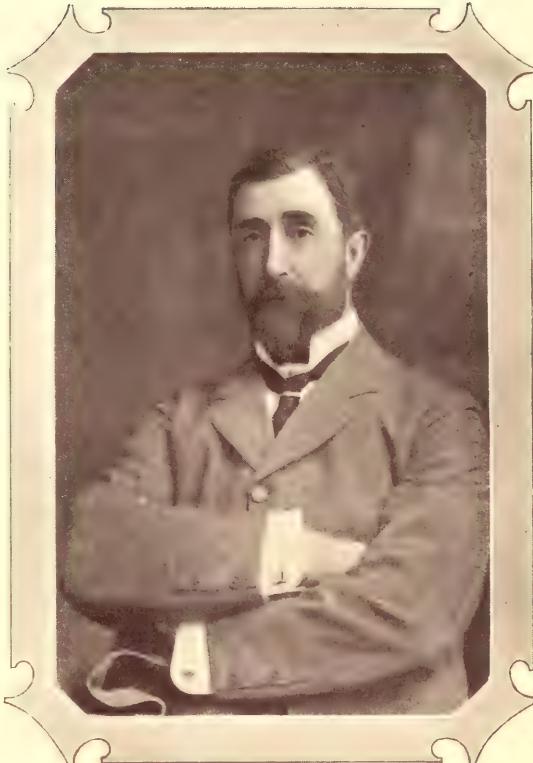
Our workers at Doric Lodge, Bromley Hall, the Children's Homes, and Berger Hall are referred to elsewhere, but in the latter connection I must mention another medical friend, Dr. McRae, who has for many years been indefatigable in his labours at the Medical Mission, which constitutes one of the most useful branches of the work carried on at our Home Mission Centre.

* * *

In the Office, our staff of thirteen workers responds nobly to the heavy task imposed upon it, and we are deeply grateful for its zealous and efficient help. Miss Haffner, the first Secretary of the work, is with us still, her



MR. JAMES IRVINE,
of the Congo Council.



MR. C. HAY WALKER,
of the South American and Indian Council.

sympathy as warm as ever. I well remember the days when she used to sit in a tiny chamber, with hardly space enough to turn round, next door to the sitting room where my beloved mother wielded the editorial pen from morning till late at night. In those days that was all the office we had, or needed! Now we necessarily occupy more rooms, and each department is becoming one of increasing responsibility. As editor, we are glad to have the skilled help of Miss M. E. Rae, who has been with us for some years. My beloved mother and sister had a genius for literary work, and a lady's taste has always been evident in the pages of "Regions Beyond." Miss Miller, Miss Mackintosh, the gifted author of the *Life of François Coillard*, and now Miss Rae, have been in the goodly succession. We are thankful, too, that a new pen is coming to the front, and that my daughter, Geraldine, is soon to give us a book on Peru. May God increasingly bless the missionary literature sent forth from Harley House.

An immense amount of detail falls to the share of our hard-working General Secretary, the Rev. W. Wilkes, a former student at Harley and Cliff, and afterwards one of our missionaries on the Congo, where he spent



THE REV. W. WILKES.

two terms of service from 1894 to 1902. Owing to the ill-health of Mrs. Wilkes, he was unable to return to the field, and in 1903 became Congo Secretary at Harley House. A year later, he undertook the duties of College Secretary, and those connected with the organization of our London meetings. In November, 1907, he was appointed General Secretary to the R.B.M.U. Mr. Wilkes also edits that interesting periodical, "Harley Echoes," which circulates amongst the members of the Harley Students Union, of which he is Secretary.

Our Accountant is Mr. John Odling, who, before coming to us five years ago, served under the late Dr. Barnardo for twenty years. I am most grateful to him for preparing the diagrams which appear in one of

the concluding chapters of this book.

I mention Mr. E. A. Talbot's name last in order to connect it with the Helpers' Union, with which he has always been so closely identified, although his manifold duties have been in connection with nearly every branch of the work since he entered the office sixteen years ago. He has now been appointed to the important position of Organizing Secretary, in which capacity he is responsible for the arrangement of the meetings of the Managing Director, and also for the organization of our large London gatherings. He further hopes to visit, as time permits, various branches of the Helpers' Union, and to open up new centres as the opportunity may offer.

* * * *

When I entered the work in 1887, the average gift was £5, and this fact it was that practically decided me to appeal to a larger constituency, so as to broaden the basis of support. Eventually we were led to the establishment in 1892 of the Regions Beyond Helpers' Union, an organization which



MR. E. A. TALBOT

unites many of the helpers of our Training Colleges and Foreign Missions, and which encourages systematic missionary study, prayer and giving.

I cannot sufficiently thank all our kind helpers for the steady support, so invaluable, so generous, that they have given. Some may have thought their gifts were not of much account, but, as the saying goes, "many a mickle makes a muckle"—and the contents of all the "Carey" boxes now yield the substantial annual return of £4,000; and has reached a grand total during fifteen years of over £50,000! The average gift per box is ten shillings, and though in some cases they contain less, in one instance the "Carey" box of a devoted helper produces the splendid annual return of over £45, and the total collected in that box has reached over £364. Nothing would cheer us more than that our 8,000 helpers should make a resolute effort in 1908 to *double our membership*. Much more than this might be accomplished, if we were all to share in the attempt.

The Scottish Auxiliary of the R.B.H.U. finds its headquarters in Glasgow, where Mrs. Whytock, the widow of our beloved Congo missionary and Deputation Secretary, the Rev. Peter Whytock, follows in her husband's steps. She is most ably advised and assisted in her secretarial duties by Mr. J. Templeton, Junr., for whose honorary services we are most grateful. We are hoping that ere long this Auxiliary may be still further strengthened, and that a strong Scotch Council may be brought into existence to deal with the numerous applications for missionary service and training, which at present are dealt with from London. Several prominent brethren in the ministry have already promised to serve on this body

* * *

In Canada, the United States, and the Australasian Colonies, auxiliaries have been established for some years.

At our Canadian Headquarters in Toronto, the Rev. George Smith, who for fourteen years laboured in Argentina, is in charge of the work, in which he is ably assisted by his wife. It was a great joy, on the occasion of my visit there last year, to see in what high esteem our friends were held by the ministers and Christian workers of the city. An open door for service has greeted Mr. Smith everywhere, and I trust that the Canadian and United States Auxiliaries are destined to large and influential development. Especially ought these to become effective in connection with the evangelization of the South American Continent. The quarterly paper, edited by Mr. Smith, and called the "Neglected Continent" is admirably produced and is sent freely to all subscribers. Small collecting boxes, called "mite boxes," are given to those who desire to help the mission, and ere long Mr. Smith hopes to have 10,000 in circulation.

THE CANADIAN COUNCIL OF THE REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION.

Mr. S. C. Duncan-Clark, Rev. A. B. Winchester, Mr. E. C. Austin (1st Canadian Missionary to Peru), Rev. T. B. Hyde, Dr. Harry Guinness, Rev. John Neil, D.D., Rev. A. Elser, M.A.
Mr. Elias Roters, Rev. A. Gilray, D.D.,
Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Rev. T. R. O'Meara, LL.D.,
Rev. George Smith (Secretary),



The Council of the R.B.M.U. in Canada, and the United States, is composed of outstanding Christian ministers and the accompanying photograph, taken when I was in Toronto, shows the Canadian Council, together with Mr. Smith and Mr. Austin, the first missionary from Canada to go forth to Peru.

I only regret that I have no similar group of the members of the Council for the Australasian Colonies, with whom it was a privilege to be brought into contact on the occasion of my last visit five years ago. They have already sent us more than a dozen students for training, and to-day we have in the field thirteen missionaries who belong to Australia and New Zealand. Mr. Lewis Ingram is our Hon. Secretary for these colonies, and at present the Rev. Robert Elder, who recently erected a beautiful Church in Tres Arroyos, Argentina, is carrying forward the task of organization, ere returning to found the new movement in the capital city of Buenos Aires.

To all our friends and helpers in other lands, we send our grateful and hearty greetings. The work is increasingly world-wide in character, and we would not have it otherwise. Our hands and hearts are joined across the seas, and we pray that this union may become yet stronger and more effective.

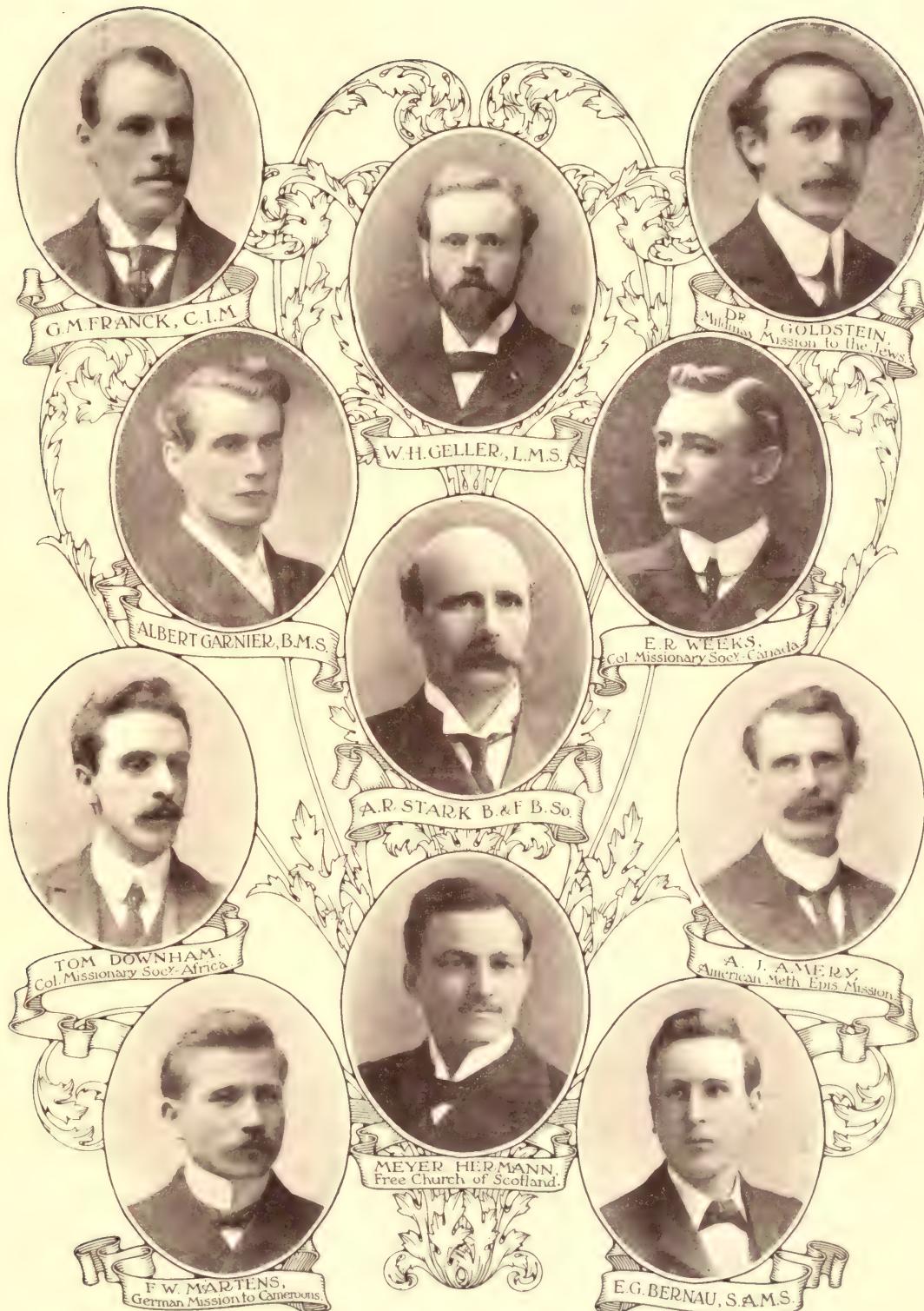
* * *

The preparation of this twenty-one years' report has been greatly facilitated by the willing co-operation of many helpers, *to each of whom we tender our hearty thanks*. We all wish that we might have done ampler justice to that portion of the work which we have been called upon to represent, but the restrictions of space were inexorable.

* * *

Sincerely do we regret our inability to deal adequately with the noble work of men and women who, during the past thirty-five years, have gone forth from our Colleges to become identified with missionary societies other than the R.B.M.U., and in some instances to establish independent missions in hitherto unreached spheres.

How we should like to describe the Jewish work of our former student, the Rev. David Baron, whose mission, "Hebrew Christian Testimony for Israel," now occupies its own convenient and admirable building near the London Hospital, Whitechapel; and whose influence in the East End of London, and on the Continent of Europe, is increasingly and blessedly manifest. Then, who that knows France, and God's work there, does not know of Pastor Reuben Saillens, of Paris, one of the most gifted and eloquent preachers of the Gospel in the Republic. He, too, "hails from Harley," and to hear of his work has often been an inspiration to us. Few speakers are more welcome on the platform of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London.



SOME OF THE MEN TRAINED AT HARVEY COLLEGE DURING THE PAST TWENTY-ONE YEARS

and though English is not his native tongue, he can use it with wondrous power in pleading the cause of his beloved land. And there are others—James Cameron, who travelled thirty thousand miles in China, to open that Empire to the Gospel ; Frederick W. Baller, whose linguistic work is so widely valued in and beyond the ranks of the China Inland Mission ; and linked with these A. W. Douthwaite, Adam Dorward, David Murray, and many another faithful worker who also went to the Far East from the old College. Nor must we forget " Bill and Bailey," who founded the " Qua Iboe Mission " in West Africa ; Samuel Aitchison, who originated and still maintains that marvellous work amongst the natives at Ikwezi Lamaci in Natal ; James Fanstone, largely instrumental in inaugurating " Help for Brazil " ; John Hay, now labouring successfully to establish a new movement in the Paraguayán Chaco ; Gracie, Summers, Parrott, and Stark, organizing pioneer work on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society ; and last, but not least, those Congo heroes, Henry Richards, Joseph Clark, Dr. Sims, and Charles Harvey—all veterans in the field and still in the fighting line. As the Rev. G. H. Ritson recently said :—" Harley College gives something needed by the missionary societies to-day more than cash,—it gives men, men called of God to evangelize the world."

* * *

"*And what of the future?*" Surely the cumulative argument of these pages ought to suggest its own reply.

*"So long Thy power hath led me,
Sure it still will lead me on."*

God has been with us. Who can doubt it ? But " the best of all is, God *is* with us," and with regard to the unknown to-morrow, Himself hath said :—

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

"Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the age."

To such an assurance can we do other than respond in humble confidence,

"I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE AFRAID."

My own deep impression is that this work is only beginning, especially in regard to the fulfilment of the foreign missionary task which it is destined to accomplish. Foundations have been dug, and the building is showing above ground, but the superstructure is for to-morrow, if the Master tarry ; some of us are believing to see the glory of God in the salvation of thousands of superstitious and darkened souls in each of the vast spheres of the Regions Beyond that we have entered in His Name.

PART I.

MISSIONARIES IN THE MAKING.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE . . .
TRAINING WORK CARRIED ON AT
HARLEY COLLEGE, DORIC LODGE,
AND BROMLEY HALL. . . .



HARLEY COLLEGE, BOW ROAD, LONDON, E.



THE PRINCIPAL OF HARLEY COLLEGE, WITH THE STAFF



H. E. HAYES



J. E. JAMES



R. MONTANARI



F. W. PRICE



J. A. SHAKESPEARE



W. W. HAZLITT



J. A. KAYE



C. MORGAN



H. A. PYKE



J. SHIELDS



F. W. HOPKINS



H. G. A. LANGE



J. S. NELSON



D. RITCHIE



W. TANNER



P. HORSBURGH



A. P. G. LEVIN



C. PARTRIDGE



H. H. RUDLAND



W. W. WHEATLEY



W. C. HUNTER



W. L. MASTERS



A. O. PARRY



A. SHAGHOIAN



S. G. WOOLLARD

AND STUDENTS IN RESIDENCE, SESSION 1907—1908.



SHIPLEY COLLEGE, BOW
NEW EXTENSION
W. G. LEE, SCOTT, PARKER, ARCHITECT.



The Life of a Harley Man.

HE survival is a test of fitness, and output a proof of health, then Harley College has justified the faith of its founder and the support of its friends. Harley students, like Scotch engineers, are to be found everywhere. *The regions beyond* is their native land. They have gone as pioneer missionaries into many a hitherto unoccupied field, opened up stations and established the work: and not without suffering. Several have been called upon to endure the martyr's death, including Oliver Tomkins, of New Guinea, murdered with Chalmers; and the fourteen who were massacred during the Boxer riots in China.

The spirit of the past is in the air the present students breathe, and the influence of the men who have gone before is handed down as a precious legacy.

The College is unique because it is essentially a Missionary Training Institution. All the students enter with the distinct intention of eventually finding their life-work in the foreign field.

Probably there is no college in the world whose students belong to more races. Norway and Armenia, Italy and Patagonia, Palestine and Australia, have each their representatives with us now, thus proving its international character. Men of about twenty different countries have passed through the classes, and to-day are labouring for the Master in practically every part of the world. At Harley, men of many tongues, but of one spirit, have dedicated themselves to the universal passion of the Cross.

Again, Harley College is as interdenominational as it is international. Just as Palestine has a selection of all the *flora* of the world, so we have a selection of all the sons of the Churches. Baptists and Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Wesleyans and Presbyterians, sit side by side, and this intercourse between men coming from varied sources, helps to foster that spirit of brotherhood which is the best guarantee of missionary harmony on the field.

Then not only does Harley train men of all denominations, but, after fitting them for their noble calling, it gives them back as missionaries to their own societies. No less than forty missionary organizations now

number our men amongst their workers. In the majority of cases, these men, but for Harley, would have never reached the field at all, to the loss of the Church and the heathen world.

Men who have received the divine call and whose cases stand the test of careful inquiry, are often admitted irrespective of their financial position. In spite of the fact that our minimum fee is £20, we have never yet refused a downright good man, simply because he could not afford to pay. True, some have not been "polished diamonds" when they entered the College, but by the Grace of God and through the help of the HOLY SPIRIT they have "turned the world upside down" in the lands whither they have gone.

Before they are accepted, all candidates must have given proof of evangelistic enthusiasm at home. Missionary sentiment may grow out of missionary study, but missionary passion can come from nothing but actual work. To win souls is the first, middle, and last aim of a true missionary student; and to keep alive the passion, the practice and the joy of soul-winning, is one of the great aims of our College life and work. Soul-winning needs, in addition to prayer and passion, knowledge, wisdom and patience, and many qualities of mind, heart and spirit, all at their best. All books, even the Book of Books itself, are but tools to secure this end.

EAST LONDON

forms an excellent training ground for the burden-bearing of the foreign field. Here are souls as indifferent as can be found on pagan soil; slums whose squalor would reek even in China; crowds which fill busy thoroughfares and afford fine opportunity for the callow youth who will later take his stand at *mela* or bazaar. He who keeps his heart up amid the trials of East London work will keep hopeful even on the Congo.

Naturally, the Christian work the men engage in grades itself, and runs through the whole gamut of opportunity—from senior classes in Sunday Schools to Open-Air Meetings, Lodging-House visiting, Gospel Hall addresses, Midnight Marches and Student-Pastorates. Missionary study circles also offer opportunities for very useful work.

But missionary fitness is requisite as well as evangelistic passion, and as the missionaries of the future must be less and less itinerants, and more and more heads of departments and trainers of native assistants, a higher quality of mind is called for by the new demands. Missionary work becomes more difficult and more complex every year. Special knowledge of the faiths and customs of Eastern peoples is absolutely necessary to secure that sympathy which is the guarantee of a wise and sure handling of the Eastern mind.

A missionary is not made in a day ; and therefore our present course extends over a period of four years. You cannot fill a head as you can a travelling trunk. The mind must do its own work—discover, increase, and make sure of its own powers—and that cannot be except through toil, and tests, and training, and time. The best minds profit most by the longest course, and to the ordinary mind it is an absolute necessity.

The Bible is our classic—in English, in Greek, and for some students, in Hebrew. To it, we give the strength of our mind and the reverence of our soul. We study it, as well as books about it, and find it, as all Bible souls do, the joy and rejoicing of our heart.

The following is an outline of our curriculum.

THE BIBLICAL DEPARTMENT consists of :—

1. Devotional Study.
2. Biblical Introduction in general.
3. The Prophets in relation to their times.
4. The Development of Messianic Prophecy.
5. The Gospels, their messages and characteristics.
6. The Life and Missionary Work of St. Paul.
7. The Epistles and their Christology.

THE GENERAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT includes :—

1. English Language and Literature.
2. Rhetoric, Logic, Psychology, Ethics.
3. Languages—Greek, (and for certain students) Hebrew, French, Spanish.
5. Apologetics and Theology, Homiletics.

THE MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT deals with :—

1. The Religions of the World—Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Shintoism, Roman Catholicism, Christianity.
2. The Comparison of Religions, as to Founders, Books and Doctrines of GOD and of man.
3. Missions—their History, Methods, Spiritual and Social Results.

THE PRACTICAL MISSIONARY TRAINING demands :—

1. Practical attention to health of soul, and body.
2. Conduct inspired by principles rather than controlled by rules.
3. Dispensary work.
4. Medical training in hospitals.
5. Constant week-end preaching.
6. Prayer, Faith, and Mutual Forbearance.

It takes three passions to make a true preacher: the passion of devotion to CHRIST, of loyalty to His Gospel, and of love to men. A personal call to CHRIST, a personal debt to CHRIST, a personal sense of His ordination to the great world-field—these are the marks of the man "thrust out" by the LORD of the Harvest. Such have come to us from forge and field; bench and barrack; school and shop; from the main and from the mine; men of many trades, but of one vocation, they have come at the call of God. CHRIST first, CHRIST second, CHRIST last; CHRIST without end, is the secret of their impulse, the soul of their service, and the source of their endurance.

As the first mark we like to see in a Harley student is his devotion to CHRIST, the second is his loyalty to the Gospel and to the Book wherein that Gospel is found. The Bible is loved and studied, prized and prayed over—so that its truth dominates his thought and controls his view of all things. The morning hour of meditation, the daily exposition at College prayers, and the continuous study of its books, all help to make the student a servant, needing not to be ashamed.

A third characteristic we prize is *love for men—a passion for souls*. We long that every Harley student should subordinate all thoughts and things to this highest end. On Tuesday mornings, when the week-end work is recounted, no story touches a deeper chord than that of souls won for CHRIST!

FORBES JACKSON, M.A.



THE LECTURE ROOM AT HARLEY COLLEGE.



On Mental Culture.

"Now with all these lessons from John Bunyan for your future ministers, there is still this great lesson left for yourselves; this great lesson: English is the key to everything, even to Plato and Aristotle."

Dr. Alexander Whyte.

HEN reviewing our history along the lines of the mental culture we have sought to afford, we discover the gradual transformation of Harley College from the Bible Training Institute of 1873 into the Missionary Theological College of 1887 to 1908.

In its inception this Institution was a pioneer in Bible Training work. The two-fold aim of its Directors was to impart to earnest, able, spiritual young men a good working knowledge of the whole Bible, side by side with abundant training in the work of leading human souls into the love of CHRIST. As years of varied effort tested this general method, it became more and more apparent that, although great lasting good was being accomplished, the system was seriously defective as a means of training men for the severe mental toils and severer mental isolation of a missionary career. The rapid survey of vast areas of Bible truth, the constant alternation of class room and mission hall, the scant opportunity for real, individual study were ill-adapted for minds still untrained. For one man who at his entrance can fully profit by such provision, there are ten whose greater need is the mastery of the instruments of knowledge, the acquisition of methods and habits of study, in a word, not the chance of picking up valuable information, but the power of making advances in any necessary field of enquiry without the teacher's aid.

A great institution does not change its aims and methods all at once. Moreover, it is one thing for a purpose to be conceived, and quite another for the hand, and heart, and brain to be found by which the purpose can be reduced to plan, and ripened into execution. The brain, heart, and hand by which our system of teaching was re-modelled were those of William Rattray, Principal of Cliff College (the Country Branch of our Training Institution) from 1882 to 1895.

Mr. Rattray was a typical Scotch educationist, a master in Bible exposition, an enthusiast in the service of Missions, a swift discerner of spirits, and a very father in his care for the young men in his charge.



THE LATE PRINCIPAL RATRAY.

exercises skilfully graded, and faithfully corrected. Soon was the strange discovery forced on many a freshman, that he had never read either his Bible or any other book as it should be read, until he came to Cliff. Farewell to all the pleasant expectations of a swift and royal road through wide and interesting fields of knowledge. A royal road each student should possess, but on one condition, that he worked with his teacher in making it. By a plain extension of these methods of English study, men were led into the secret of sound exegetical power. First the class would be instructed to examine the place and bearing and varied meaning of the great keywords of the New Testament: grace, faith, repentance, and so on. Then

The foundation stone of the Cliff curriculum was a thorough knowledge of English: and by knowledge Mr. Rattray meant power to apply principles to practice; insight to discern principles in the widest range of examples. To learn English under his methods was to acquire a life-long habit of weighing words, sentences and paragraphs; so that the principles of interpretation and of appreciation became the constant, the vital accompaniments of the whole of a man's reading. For no part of this discipline was taught by word only. Mr. Rattray knew that to be an impossibility. Little by little, the men learnt English method by constant practice, by

they were taught to discover the main lessons in paragraph or chapter. Still later, to trace an apostolic argument or to show how the historic occasion affected the meaning of an Epistle. In all this work no Exegesis was supplied ready-made. Every man was trained in the making of Exegesis, and the teacher's methods were set forth as clearly as his results.

The same great principle, with due and varied application, was used in every other department. The student was trained to work for his own intellectual bread. His teacher never offered him results, without conducting him through the process by which they were obtained, and giving him special exercises in verifying those results and in working out the like for himself.

The value of such tuition was incalculable. Hundreds of missionaries to-day bear witness that the years spent at Cliff College made them masters of the weapons with which all their work has been accomplished.

Thirteen years have passed since the Grand Old Man of Cliff was laid to rest by the reverent hands of his sons. But so well and truly was his task accomplished, so deeply did he ground and so strongly build, that to describe Cliff training as he made it, is to describe our ideal at this day. Whether the subject be a Greek verb, a paragraph of an Epistle, or a principle of Homiletics, the student is sent to the quiet of his own room to analyse his material, to discover its inner and outer relations, to put it through the mill of his own mind. Then he is expected to come up to his class prepared to exhibit, not merely the thought or work of other men, or the dry facts of language or of history, but a proof of his own insight, a pledge of his own interests, a product of his own growing skill. This is the mental culture for which we strive at Harley College.

F. W. SCHOFIELD.



ANOTHER SIDE OF HARLEY LIFE, THE WINNERS OF THE TENNIS SHIELD, 1907.



THE DEACONESSES AT DORIC LODGE, WITH THE LADY SUPERINTENDENT AND STAFF, SESSION 1907—1908.



Our Deaconesses.

PERHAPS no branch of work in connection with the Regions Beyond Missionary Union has more abundantly justified its existence than Doric Lodge. The earnest, persistent and self-denying service which has been carried on by the deaconesses has been continuously marked by divine approval and blessing. To-day, the very name "Doric" is a household word in a large area of the East End, where our friends are regarded as true sisters of the people.

Doric Lodge stands in the broad Bow Road, immediately opposite Harley House. Its rooms are spacious and its grounds pleasant. Twenty-one years ago its capacity was taxed to the utmost when only thirteen students were there, but by re-modelling the interior, building one or two necessary additions, and using bedrooms in an adjoining house, twenty-four students can now be accommodated with ease.

Inseparably associated with those early days is the name of Mrs. Dawbarn, who, for many years, was responsible for the tuitional and evangelistic work of the students, and who was beloved by every deaconess. In that important position she was ably seconded by Miss Fooks, who later on joined the I.M.S. in India, where eventually she was married to the Rev. W. Hinkley. Since that time, three Lady Superintendents have in turn guided Doric affairs—Miss Duff, Miss Styrmest, and now Miss McClymont. Each has endeared herself to successive generations of deaconesses, whilst for several years Doric Lodge has been fortunate enough to have on its staff an ex-missionary from the Congo. No one could be better fitted for the post than is Mrs. McKenzie, whose teaching is highly appreciated by all who have the privilege of coming under her influence.

For many years now the need of well-trained lady missionaries has been making itself more and more felt, and Doric Lodge is aiming in its measure to supply that need. In fact, the College exists to train young women of any evangelical denomination for the foreign mission field. There is nothing narrow or parochial about the place: no indication that it belongs to any specific denomination. The deaconesses come from all parts of the world. In addition to representatives from different quarters of the British Empire,

one finds Germans, French, Swiss and Scandinavians. Yet, although there is diversity of character and temperament, as well as of nationality, a real unity of purpose characterizes the life. For Doric Lodge is not merely a school of instruction, it is pre-eminently a Christian home, and in its spiritual atmosphere the personal character of its students is developed.

The probationer soon discovers that life in "Doric" is anything but monotonous. The day is well mapped out, and order and method characterize all the arrangements. The bell which calls from the land of dreams to that of reality sounds its deep note at an early hour. Eyes are then lifted towards the hills from whence cometh strength for the work of the day. The morning meal and College prayers being over, each deaconess attends to certain domestic duties which have been allotted to her as an essential part of the training. The students thus cultivate habits of punctuality and general carefulness, those necessary qualities in an efficient missionary character.

THE CURRICULUM.

The studies are arranged not so much with a view to high scholastic attainment as to practical equipment for the effective discharge of missionary responsibility. Such equipment, however, necessarily involves mental preparation.

The Bible is the chief text book. Just as the sheaves of his brethren made obeisance to the sheaf of Joseph, so all other text books make obeisance to the Word of God.

Amongst the subjects studied are English grammar, the History of Missions, Church History, the Religions of the World, Christian Evidences, French, Spanish and Music. A public examination is held once a year by the Christian Evidence Society, and the examination papers are of a high order. It is a pleasure to state that last year all the prizes and honours in their particular section were carried off by "Doric girls."

During the second year of residence, deaconesses, if sufficiently advanced, attend certain lectures at Harley College. Concerning these one of them writes:—"In none of our studies are we 'spoon-fed'; we are taught to work things out for ourselves until impressions become conclusions and conclusions become convictions."

The latest addition to the curriculum is a course of training in such practical things as Cookery, Dress-making, and other branches of domestic economy, that the students may be fully prepared to face these very real though common-place duties under the trying conditions that prevail in the mission field. And there, if anywhere, women must know how to remedy simple human ills. Our deaconesses, therefore, take their turn in dispensing



DORIC LODGE AS SEEN FROM THE GARDEN.

at our Medical Mission ; in bandaging and general minor nursing at Shadwell Hospital for women and children ; and, when it can be arranged, attend lectures on tropical diseases at Livingstone College, and medical and surgical lectures at the Homeopathic Hospital. Everyone is expected to join the Ambulance Class unless they have previously passed that examination, and the majority pass through the nursing course at Bromley Hall which is fully described elsewhere.

At Doric Lodge, however, it is never forgotten that to lead men and women to a knowledge of the SAVIOUR is an indispensable part of missionary training. To each deaconess is apportioned her particular duties, and in the definite sphere of her ministry she not only obtains practice in public speaking, but finds ample opportunity of ministering comfort and peace, in the Name of CHRIST, to individual hearts oppressed with grief and hardened by sin. The deaconesses are easily recognizable in their neat blue uniform, and are invariably welcomed in the homes of sorrow, which are tragically numerous in the districts they visit.

Could any of our readers peep into Doric Lodge one Sunday, or, indeed, on any day of the week, they might find little groups on their knees praying



A GROUP OF MISSIONARIES TRAINED AT DORIC LODGE.

for blessing on the meetings which they are about to conduct. Some go to "Berger" and some to Somerset Hall, where they teach classes of unruly boys and girls. Others set forth to engage in evangelistic work in the Victoria Homes for Working Men—two buildings standing in the Commercial Street and Whitechapel Road, and between them accommodating more than a thousand men. In these houses the audiences are large and respectful, but to some of the deaconesses there falls a more difficult task. They have to make their way to the common lodging-houses, where they sing and speak to a motley crowd of men, many of whom have seen better days, and whose sad story can often be summed up in that one word "Drink." Here they find men lying about asleep; others smoking; a few eagerly perusing the least reputable kind of newspaper; but a number are sitting with hymn-books, evidently waiting for the "ladies" to appear. The service which follows is of the simplest. Bright hymns are sung and prayer offered, and then the men are all awake and ready to listen with interest to the "Old Story" which is ever new. Often some word from the Gospel message finds a lodgment in their hearts, awakening memories of happier days, until tears roll down the rough, sin-hardened faces.

Fancy the East End of London without CHRIST, and without such sympathetic and loving deaconesses! It would be truly indescribable!

J. WESTBURY JONES, M.A.

A Practical Ministry.

N preparing our lady workers for the foreign field, it became apparent that a practical course of Midwifery would not only be an inestimable boon to the poor women in many lands, with whom our workers were brought into contact; but also to the married missionaries themselves, who are often in sore need of just such help as maternity-nurses can afford.

Apart altogether from the physical aspect of the question, we remembered the spiritual value of such work both at home and abroad, in bringing our lady missionaries into personal contact with Christless women, in the hour of their danger and their need, and thus establishing a firm bond of friendship and gratitude which in due time might lead to a personal knowledge of the SAVIOUR.



A YEAR'S STUDENTS AT BROMLEY HALL, WITH THE LADY SUPERINTENDENT, LECTURER, AND SISTER.

This triple call for trained missionary-nurses, induced us in 1889 to commence an obstetric department of work at Doric Lodge, and later in the same year to open a special home for this branch of service. Miss Rees, the daughter of the late Pastor Rees, of Sunderland, was the first Superintendent of the new work, which rapidly grew in importance until it became evident in 1894 that we ought to secure a larger home in a somewhat poorer neighbourhood. In the LORD's good Providence such a Home was found within five minutes' walk from our Mission Centre at Berger Hall. "Bromley Hall" is a fine old mansion, built long ago when King James had his hunting-lodge near by. Now a vast school building covers the site of the "Old Palace," as it was called twenty years ago. The latter was one of the earliest scenes of my own evangelistic work in East London, and the very name reminds one of days that never can be forgotten by any who were privileged to see the movement of grace that swept hundreds of souls into the Kingdom of GOD.

BROMLEY HALL

has comfortable, airy rooms, and though it is very ancient, and costs us no little from the standpoint of repair, it is the very house we need, and in the very neighbourhood. Eventually, Miss Alice Smith, the daughter of a well-known Baptist Minister, became Superintendent of the work, and for five years was the trusted and beloved head of the Home. When she subsequently heard the call to Argentina, and consecrated her life to the establishment of a similar movement in the vast city of Buenos Aires, the poor mothers in Bromley thought the whole work would come to an end. But the LORD who gave us one efficient Superintendent could find another, and as the result of the profound loss which overtook our struggling mission in Peru, through the death of sainted Will Newell, his wife was led to volunteer for the post vacated by Miss Smith. In this sad way, Mrs. Newell and her dear little girls came to Bromley Hall, and ever since our valued friend has been the heart of the whole movement. Nurses and mothers all love her, and the presence of the children makes the old house seem like a home indeed. I was down there one Wednesday afternoon lately, and what a crowd of women and babies were gathered together for the afternoon meeting, and how they appreciated the cup of tea at the close! Bromley Hall boasts a splendid garden for this part of London, in spite of the horizon being bounded on the one side by gigantic gasometers, and, on the other, by pyramids of oil-barrels accumulated in the adjoining business premises. When the spring-time comes, or the hot, close days of summer are with us, then it is that



A MOTHERS' TEA PARTY AT BROMLEY HALL.

the mothers find special delight in sitting out in the open air at their weekly Bible talks.

From the medical standpoint the movement has been very successful, and we have not had a single failure in the examination for the diploma of the Central Midwives Board. Fifty-six nurses have taken this examination during the last four years and nine months, and five other students who were with us for a short period obtained valuable help without qualifying. The fact that 1,606 mothers have been attended in four years, and that we have only to record two deaths, speaks highly for the work done. In cases of special difficulty Dr. Milne is our consultant, and day and night has he placed his valued aid at our disposal. For him we are grateful indeed, and for the remarkable success which the LORD has been pleased to grant to this department of service.

Thirty students from Doric Lodge have obtained their diplomas at Bromley Hall since 1904, and since our doors are occasionally open to outside students, eleven hospital nurses have acquired this branch of their profession there. Fifteen outside Christian workers have also passed through the Home, which is one of the Training Institutions recognized and registered by the Central Midwives Board. The average number of cases attended each year is three hundred and twenty-five, and these are divided between the twelve students who during that period pass through their course of training. Mrs. Newell tells a good story of how one of the mothers was wont to tell her neighbours that if ever they were in trouble and needed help, they should "go to them 'Eternity' nurses, and they'll help you." Very funny, but very appropriate. "Eternity nurses," indeed, seeking the welfare not of the body alone, but of the spirit so neglected and starved amidst the purlieus of East London.

H. G. G.



AN EAST LONDON STREET.

During
Twenty-One Years, 1887 to 1908,
786 STUDENTS

have passed through the Training Institutions of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, and have entered into work resulting in their distribution throughout the world in the proportion given below:—

			Men.	Women.	Total.
Europe	128	78	206
Asia	96	99	195
Africa	120	94	214
America	115	46	161
Australasia	9	1	10
—			—		—
468			318		786
—			—		—

Their Distribution amongst the Denominational and Interdenominational Missionary Societies, etc., has been as follows:—

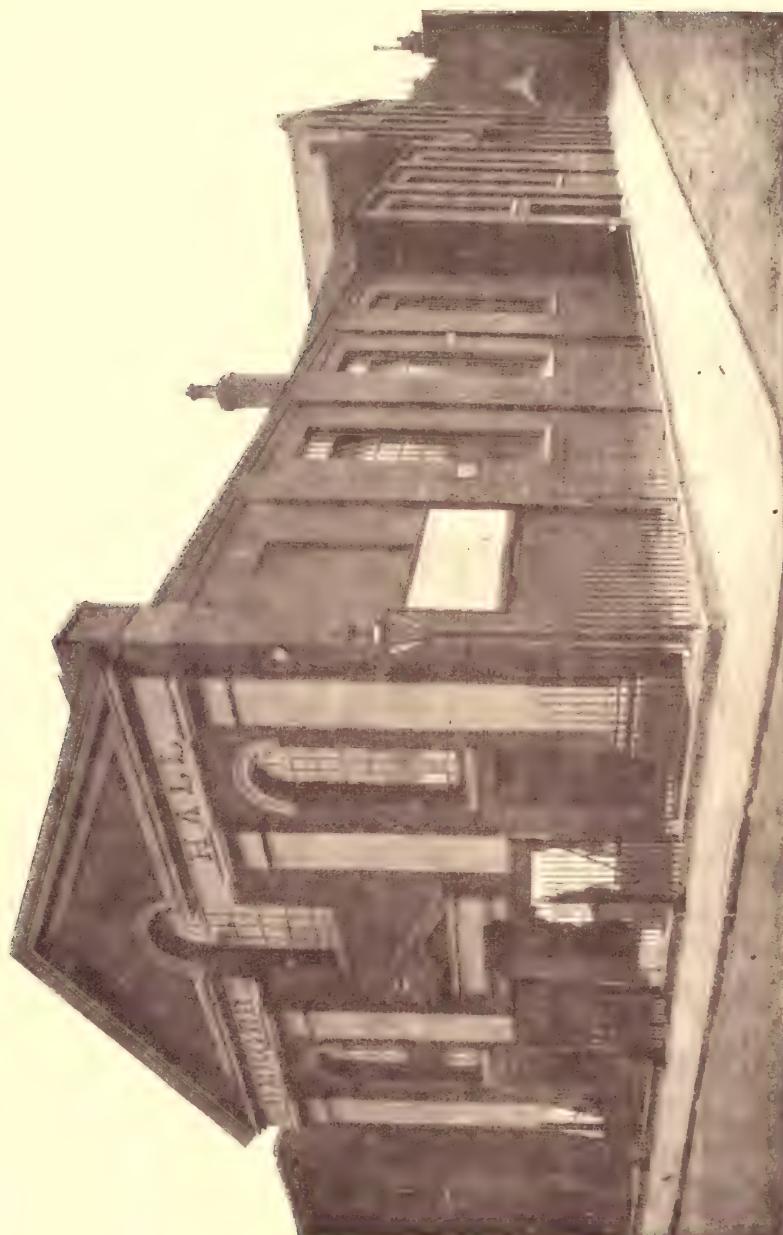
			Men.	Women.	Total.
1.	Independent Workers and Various Societies	...	112	86	198
2.	Regions Beyond Missionary Union	...	77	61	138
3.	Home Mission Work	...	68	24	92
4.	China Inland Mission	...	39	36	75
5.	Further Training in Hospitals and Colleges	...	38	22	60
6.	Baptist Societies	...	29	19	48
7.	North Africa Mission	...	16	27	43
8.	Congregational Missions	...	28	11	39
9.	Church of England Missions	...	13	10	23
10.	Presbyterian Missions	...	13	7	20
11.	Jewish Missions	...	12	5	17
12.	Bible Societies	...	10	4	14
13.	Plymouth Brethren	...	6	6	12
14.	Methodist Missions	...	7	—	7
—			—		—
468			318		786
—			—		—

THE SOCIETIES

included in the foregoing table as "various" number thirty-four, as follows:

1. Arthington Aborigines Mission.	18. Mr. St. Dalmas' Work in India.
2. Bible Christian Mission.	19. Moravian Missions.
3. British and Foreign Sailors' Society.	20. Norwegian Lutheran Missionary Society.
4. British Syrian Schools.	21. Nyassa Industrial Mission.
5. Cape General Mission.	22. Paris Evangelical Mission.
6. Central Sudan Mission (since defunct).	23. Paris Evangelical Mission to Barotsi.
7. Ceylon and India General Mission.	24. Qua Iboe Mission.
8. Christian and Missionary Alliance.	25. Salvation Army.
9. Friends' Foreign Missionary Society.	26. Sudan United Mission.
10. German Mission to Cameroons.	27. Thibetan Pioneer Mission.
11. Help for Brazil Mission.	28. Victoria Gospel Press.
12. Industrial Missions' Aid Society.	29. Welsh Calvinistic Mission.
13. International Missionary Alliance.	30. Wesson Harbour Mission.
14. Ludhiana Medical Mission.	31. Women's Board of Missions.
15. McCall Mission.	32. Zambezi Industrial Mission.
16. Miss de Broen's Mission.	33. Zanzibar Sailors' Rest.
17. Mission Romande.	34. Zenana Bible and Medical Mission.

The total number of Students trained
at Harley College and Doric Lodge
since the Inauguration of the Work in 1873 is
1,316.

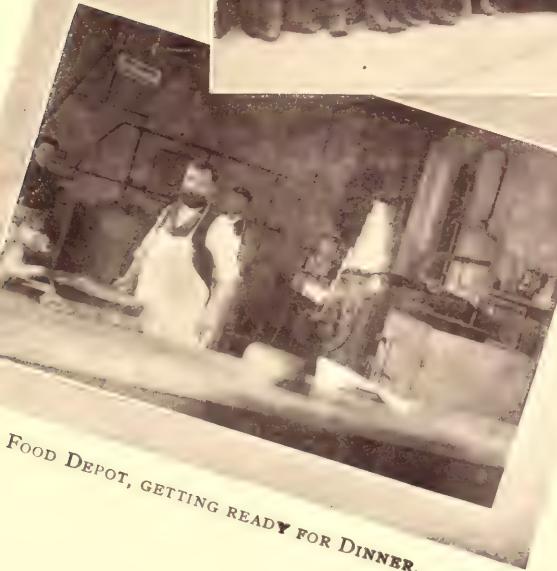


BERGER HALL.

PART II.

AMONGST THE PEOPLE AT BERGER HALL.

THE HOME MISSION CENTRE
OF THE R.B.M.U.



FOOD DEPOT, GETTING READY FOR DINNER.



SETTING THE TABLE FOR A COCOA BREAKFAST

THE HUNGRY CROWD OUTSIDE.

"A Church of the People."

BERGER" is a Church of the People. It is situated where it can draw only on the poor artisan class. It has done this for more than twenty years, and is doing it still.

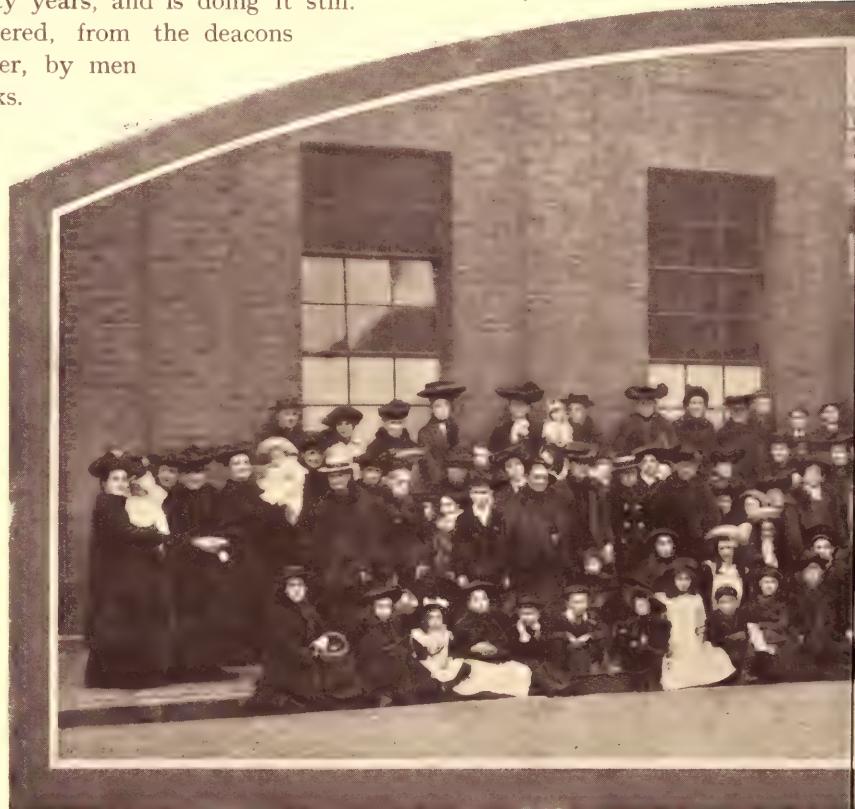
It is officered, from the deacons down to the caretaker, by men of the working ranks.

One fact will suffice to prove this:—

Not more than three out of our 400 members earn over £2 a week; indeed the average would be less than 15s. It must follow, therefore, that all the organizations are run by working people, who, though not blest with material endowments, have in many cases more than an average native ability.

Yes! it is a Church of the People. It gives the lie to the statement,

often made, that the working classes, as such, stand aloof from the churches; for if the poor did not come, no one else would, and Berger would soon be a home for cobwebs and beetles. Some one may ask, "How are they reached?" We answer on the human plane: "By people who know the people," who share the burdens, sorrows and cares of life, who toil the round of the year, and are as badly off at its finish as at the start,—only a year older,—and in many cases, alas! with less strength to bear



ON MEDICAL MISSION DAY. THE CROWD

the strain. It follows, then, that in connection with such a church, where all are more or less on one level, practical work becomes a paramount necessity, and institutions such as the Medical Mission, the Soup Kitchen and Food Depot, Goose Clubs and Clothing Clubs, prove of inestimable value to the deserving and often silent poor.

The MEDICAL MISSION reaches out a helping hand to some 8,000 attendants every year and visitors follow up wherever possible, the very sick cases, not merely to pray with them, but, if possible, to carry relief in some practical form.

The SOUP KITCHEN AND FOOD DEPOT, through the winter months provides dinners for 1,700 half-starved and starving children, week by week. Cocoa breakfasts are also given—about 100 a day—to the children of poor widows, before going to school. Twenty thousand quarts of soup were made and distributed last winter, and as



HAT GATHERS TO SEEK THE DOCTOR'S AID.

many fruit puddings. The Goose Club, into which the people pay sixpence a week, insures that those who join have a good Christmas dinner.

The EVANGELISTIC SPIRIT expresses itself in many forms, not only in services on the LORD's day, which are crowded, but in steady open-air work, winter and summer, in cottage meetings, in the Men's Own Brotherhood, through the Bible Classes, and the Bible School.

The women are reached by Sister Ivy, who conducts the *Women's Own*

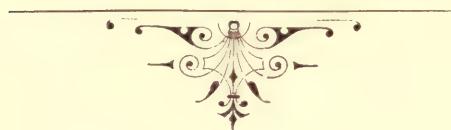
on Wednesdays, and in connection with this, a warm *Crèche* provides for the entertainment of the little children that cannot be left at home.

Night Schools, for Factory and Work-room girls, are held on two nights a week, with marked success from the physical and moral, as well as the spiritual, point of view.

The children in the Sunday School number 1,600, including the Drift School, where the roughest and most ragged children are gathered, and taught the things that make for the best and highest in this life, as well as in the life beyond.

It may be said, in a word, that "Berger" represents to the people all that is finest and best, and religion, therefore, instead of wearing a sombre mask, is indeed the re-creation of the people. Its gate is open from early dawn till ten o'clock at night, and the Pastor's Vestry is an enquiry room for all sorts of questions, wise and otherwise. The main purpose in everything is to bring in the Kingdom of CHRIST, which stands for all that is bright, happy and healthy, for that which casts over the dull and cloudy day a radiance like the light of Easter morning. How necessary this is may be shown by the fact that the people come from the one, two, or three-roomed tenement; from the narrow, ill-built and monotonous alley; from the over-crowded slum; from out of the din of the market-street, and past the glare of the gilded drinking saloons. Bargemen from the murky waters of London's river, and the babel of many tongues on London's wharves; girls from match, and chocolate, and clothing factories, where they listen all day to the noisy hum of tireless machines; men, from City warehouses and offices; women, from the stuffy work-room—these all come to "Berger" and find it a place of rest for their weary feet.

DANIEL HAYES.





Daniel Hayes.

AN APPRECIATION.

“**W**ANTED a horse to do the work of a parish minister.” So ran a recent northern advertisement. Nothing less than a steam-engine would be of use to Mr. Hayes. With the help of long legs and a high gear, his “bike” carries him through many a mile of mean streets and on countless errands of mercy. In the

image of the good Samaritan, he has ceaseless opportunities for courage and charity, for often folks are left half-dead, half-naked, and half-starved in the dreary east. At “Berger,” a man can make full proof of his ministry. He must preach as if he had no visits to pay; visit as if he had no sermons to make; and fill up his week-days with work as if there were no Sundays to come.

A heart full of love, a head full of fresh ideas, and a pair of hands full of work, will describe our friend. His fellow ministers, no bad judges, know him as the most brotherly of men; the enthusiastic Secretary of the Free Church Federa-



THE REV. DANIEL HAYES.

tion of the district; a man of prayer, filled with the passion for soul-winning and of social service; and a plain and powerful preacher of the grace of GOD.

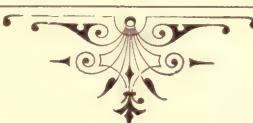
Now you can "snap" him among the bairns, satisfying their hunger and clothing their winter nakedness ; or helping the poor with medicines and bandages, that ineradicable Congo fever in his blood the while. Again, he is comforting the old folks and the weary mothers ; or leading the Saturday prayer meeting, and gathering spiritual momentum for the onslaught of the morrow. It is difficult to believe that the preacher of the Sabbath morning with some quiet and uplifting message from the unseen, has been filling the week with most exhausting labour—perhaps, with the brass band and willing workers, raking the gutters and the public-houses, to gather up and bring to God, souls without strength.

The only conventional thing about Mr. Hayes is his deep earnestness, but it is the living earnestness of love. The wooing note is never absent from his preaching. To comfort saints, and to save sinners—that sums up his motives and his methods.

The children swarm in " Berger," and every week, with crayon and black-board, you can find him giving 200 of the boys and girls regular lessons in the Bible books.

Time would fail even to name all the agencies of which he is the head and leader. Life in East London soon convinces ministers who are in earnest, that it is not enough to be the preacher or pastor. The poverty is so chronic ; the social conditions so hurtful ; the drink power so enormous, that to defend the people against themselves, against the moral debasement of their surroundings, the minister must play a lion's part in their strife. The better to do this, Mr. Hayes became a member of the Poplar Borough Council, and devotes a good part of his time to those Committees which have to do with public health, and the morals of the streets and of the music halls. To be preacher, and pastor, and philanthropist, and politician all rolled into one, is a task for which no man could get an adequate return. His wage is the wage of all good men—the hatred of some and the love of many more, the blessing of the old, the affection of the children, and the trust and confidence of those who follow him faithfully in the wars of the LORD.

FORBES JACKSON, M.A.



PART III.

THE CONFLICT IN CONGOLAND.



RELIEF MAP OF AFRICA, SHOWING THE CONGO RIVER AND THE SPHERE OF THE CONGO BALOLO MISSION.



ON THE CONGO.

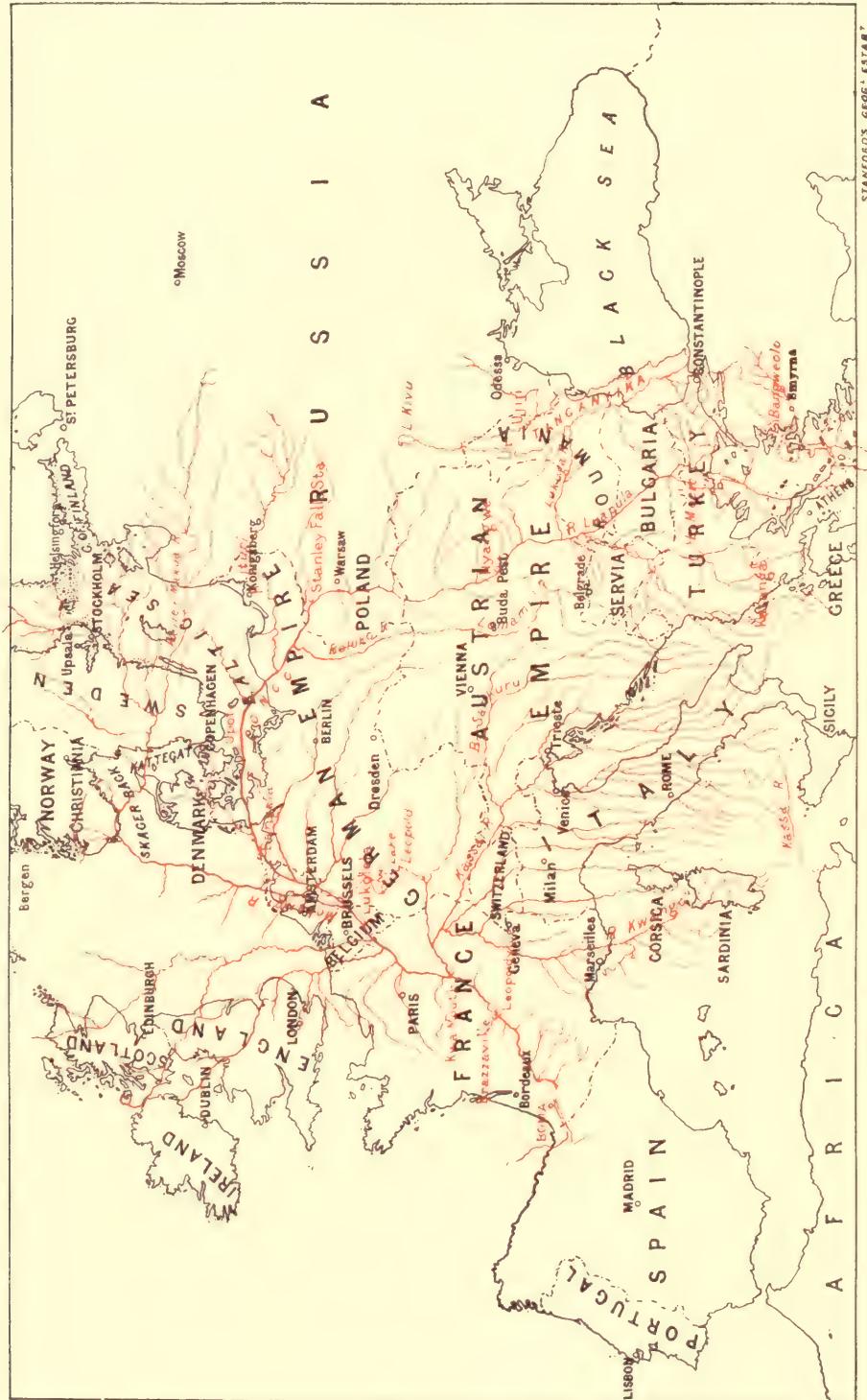


A Glance at Our Sphere.

THE tremendous need of the Congo, had been deeply impressed on our hearts and minds by the vicissitudes of the early Living-stone Inland Mission, and when that movement was transferred in 1884 to the Baptists of America, it seemed like the amputation of a missionary limb. For four years the East London Training Institute was cut off from its wonted African activities, and some of us longed that these might be resumed. This feeling became greatly intensified, when within a few months of my appointment as London Director, one of our former missionaries, John McKittrick, returned from the Upper Congo, bringing with him Bompole, a native boy from the Lulanga river.

The people he represented were anxious for missionaries to settle amongst them, and Mr. McKittrick was eager to devote his life to the task of their evangelization. I became deeply interested in Bompole and my mind was greatly drawn towards the new enterprise. At length, after full consideration and months of prayer, we decided that if our American Baptist friends should agree to transfer John McKittrick in order that he might become the leader of a new mission, we would undertake to begin the work. To this they gladly consented, and also offered to lend us our old steamer, the "Henry Reed," so called in memory of my father-in-law. A party of eight suitable missionaries volunteered, and after an arduous series of meetings throughout the country at which the needs of the new field were presented, £1,700 was available to start the CONGO BALOLO MISSION, the early experiences of which are described by my cousin, a member of the first party, in a subsequent article.

Three years later, I visited the Congo, and shall never forget some of the incidents of that journey. First, there was the stifling tropical weather we endured on board the old ss. "Afrikaan" as we neared the Equator. My diary for 1891 vividly recalls the stuffy cabins with port-holes closed at night for fear of the sudden tornadoes encountered in these regions. "I slept, and almost lived, on one particular seat at the top of the solitary hatchway with which the vessel was provided. From this spot I watched the lightning flash in some of those midnight squalls when, through the oppressive air, down came the drenching torrents of tropical rain. Flash ! Flash ! to the accompaniment of heaven's artillery ! The spectacle was sometimes awfully grand, but when the lightning was almost incessant one could not help remembering that the ship's hold was full of gunpowder and gin !"



A MAP OF EUROPE, SHOWING THE CONGO RIVER ON THE SAME SCALE.

On May 5th, we reached the Congo, and I can still remember how the "outward rush of the muddy river encountered the pale green of the sea. Where the two met, the waters seemed piled up in a distinct wall of agitated, foaming encounter, the sea resenting the intrepid intruder, and the mighty innovator carrying all before it."

That was my first glimpse of the glorious river which discharges one million tons of water every second into the waters of the Atlantic, and drains a basin of 800,000 square miles. Diego Cam discovered its mouth more than four hundred years ago, but the Portuguese were effectually debarred from access to the interior of the continent by the cataract region, which divides the lower from the upper river. It was reserved for H. M. Stanley to disclose the majestic outline of

THE UPPER CONGO

on the completion of his first memorable trans-continental journey of discovery in 1877, and some idea of its magnitude may be conceived from the accompanying diagram, in which the whole river is projected to scale upon the map of Europe. The mouth, seven miles wide, corresponds on the map to Bordeaux, and if we trace the river upwards, we find it traversing the whole of France and Belgium, and embracing Germany in its mighty bend, ere turning southward through Austro-Hungary, Servia and Turkey to the Black Sea. It will also be seen that its tributary streams stretch from beyond Upsala in the north to Sardinia and Corsica in the south; and from Smyrna in Asia Minor in the east to the Bay of Biscay in the west.

The sphere which the Congo Balolo Mission proposed to enter with the Gospel is the home of the Lolo peoples, a sphere as large as Germany. Bounded on three sides by the Congo's horse-shoe bend, it is opened to navigation by a series of magnificent tributaries to the main river. These water highways give free access to innumerable native villages, some of which are close to the bank, whilst others, from considerations of safety, are built at a little distance from the water, in vast clearings of the forest. Many of the more important centres of population are situated on the higher ground which constitutes the watershed between the various rivers; but even these are comparatively easy of access, as probably no portion of the country is more than fifty miles removed from one or another of its many streams.

In these tracts of country, our workers have come into contact with hundreds of thousands of benighted savages during the past twenty years, and whilst the population of Lololand is unknown, and Stanley's approximate estimate of ten millions is certainly inaccurate, the fact remains that the Congo Balolo Mission occupies a sphere of immense importance, and of practically unlimited extent.

H. G. G.



A SCENE ON THE CONGO IN THE EARLY DAYS.—SLAYING A DEAD CHIEF'S SLAVES.



How We Entered the Land.

AUGUST 24th, 1889, was a memorable day in the annals of the Congo Balolo Mission, and from the minds of the little group of white men on board the mission steamer "Henry Reed," the memories of that day can never be effaced. The captain of the boat had told us the previous evening that we should enter the Lulanga River in a few hours, and when we started off at dawn, our hearts beat high with eager longings and glad expectations. Were we not on the verge of entering the country to which God had called us; and towards which we had been travelling for many months? Of its people, their numbers, their habits and language we knew almost nothing, though many stories of their warlike character, their ferocity and cannibalistic tendencies had been related to us by the natives down river.

As we approached the place where the Lulanga flows into the Congo, we discerned indications of large settlements on the banks of the river, and steaming slowly up could see immense crowds standing on the left bank as far as the eye could reach. No women or children were visible; only men fully armed had come out to gaze upon the mysterious "smoke-canoe," and we did not need our interpreter to tell us that these large crowds wore a distinctly hostile attitude, and that it would be dangerous to attempt a landing or even to slacken speed. We bade him salute these fierce-looking warriors in our name, tell them that our mission was a peaceful one, and ask for food. But the only response was threatening looks and wild gesticulations with spear and bow. So putting up our arrow-guards, we went on our way, passing for some distance by a beach thickly lined with people. Just beyond the towns we cast anchor for the night in mid-stream, and determined to make friends before going further. In this we were successful, and were able to buy some provisions, though we could not induce the women to come out of their hiding places.

The following day we proceeded up river and passed through other populous districts, the inhabitants of which came out to look at us and in some cases to greet us with shouts and the beating of drums. Our behaviour at the mouth of the river had apparently disarmed suspicion, for there were no more warlike demonstrations. The news of our arrival

was telephoned from one village to another, and our interpreter was able to tell us some of the messages beaten out on the drums—"The white man, *Englesa*, has come to sit down with us." Thus the news spread. At last we came to a halt at the town of Bonginda, where dwelt the most important chief on the river, a man who had once seen a missionary and had asked for teachers. But as we neared the landing-place, the noise and smoke of the steamer terrified the poor folk and they fled *en masse* to the bush. Some hours passed in unavailing attempts to get at them. Then we threw a handful of beads on the ground in front of the steamer, and by degrees a few of the bolder spirits ventured out into the open to pick them up. With these men we made friends, and in less than half-an-hour the beach simply swarmed with men, women and children, while the "Reed" was surrounded by an eager, chattering crowd in their shaky-looking canoes. Fear and distrust seemed to have vanished completely, and it was only when darkness fell that we could get rid of them.

Work began in earnest the next morning. The old chief,

MATA IBENGE,

came in state to visit us, bringing a long train of wives and slaves, and invited us to land. This we promptly did, and were accompanied everywhere by a gaping and gossiping crowd. The women were clothed in short grass petticoats, the men in tiny pieces of bark cloth. The bodies of all alike were covered with a mixture of palm-oil and camwood, and decorated with a variety of tattoo marks, indicating their different tribes. Their woolly hair was cut, and twisted into all sorts of extraordinary shapes, some of them most elaborate. The chiefs were distinguished by their head-dresses, made of monkey skin. A great palaver was arranged and attended by hundreds of these wild-looking people. A heated discussion took place as to whether we were to be allowed to settle among them. We, of course, could not understand what was said, but the expressive gestures of the orators told us plainly if they were speaking for or against us. The matter was decided by the king's chief speaker, old Mata Lokota, who, amid furious excitement declared in our favour. Presents were exchanged and we took possession of our new home. Then for the first time we had an opportunity of declaring our message to these Balolo people. As our interpreter finished a murmur of assent went round and our hearts were thrilled as Mata Lokota rose up and replied:—"These words are good, white man; you shall be our father and we will be your children."

And so we had been brought to the haven we had sought for, and were filled with rejoicing. Our song was, "The LORD hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." In the months and years which followed

the work was often fraught with difficulty—sometimes with danger—but the joy and privilege of carrying the Gospel into these “Regions Beyond” more than atoned for all.

One of our first duties on settling down was to explore our parish and find out if possible the number of inhabitants. In whatever direction we turned, we found dozens of towns and villages. The mission centre stood in the middle of a long string of towns, extending for over two miles. At the back of these were many slave settlements, dotted here and there in the bush, while on an island opposite was the largest single town we had seen, where lived twelve hundred people. Wherever we went we were followed by swarms of our dark brothers and sisters, and even in our own little house it was quite impossible to get any privacy. Doors and windows acted only as frames for the heads and shoulders of a continuous crowd of visitors who laughed and chattered ceaselessly. They were very like children, easily amused, and full of excited interest in everything. It seemed quite hopeless to get any quiet time for study or anything else. On one occasion we closed the house to try to get some peace from the incessant babel of voices. The men outside were somewhat disconcerted and one remarked to the others:—“These white people have shut the doors; they are doing something they are ashamed of.” Needless to say, we promptly re-opened them.

But though on the whole we received a hearty welcome, there were some who set themselves against the missionaries from the first. Ibenge, a great chief and famous warrior, was our inveterate enemy, and vowed to kill any native who should teach us the language. He also tried to prevent the people bringing us food, but as his authority was limited to his own town, he could not seriously hurt us in that way. Then he formed

A PLOT TO KILL US

all and burn the station and seize our goods. He took into his confidence three other unfriendly chiefs, and on a given day all the boys and men employed on the station ran away and left us. Then, as the shades of evening fell and we were quite deserted, we surmised that something was wrong. As we waited and watched, one of our boys—Nyanga—crept up to the back of the house and told us the terrible scheme to destroy us all, which was to be carried out that night. We could do nothing but cast ourselves on GOD. Within an hour we heard the whistle of a steamer, and realized with deep thankfulness that our lives were saved.

The next morning we went boldly to Mata Ibenge and asked him to call a palaver that we might enquire of the people the reason of their wishing to get rid of us. Hundreds of them assembled in our palaver-house, and



A CONGO WITCH DOCTOR.

after prolonged discussion we found out Ibenge's share in the matter. The bulk of the people knew nothing of his designs. The witch-doctors, as a class, used all their arts to drive us out of the country. They seemed to know that if once the people accepted our message, their livelihood would be gone. If one of our party was ill, the witch-doctor gave out that he had caused the illness, and the malign influence these wicked men exercised over the others was so great that they believed entirely in all their vile impostures, and feared to offend them. One or two stories will serve to illustrate the power they possessed. A poor girl called Bokwala, whose husband had died, came to us for protection, as her brother-in-law had tried to sell her to the Ngombe. In a few days she fell ill, and in spite of all our efforts grew gradually worse, nor could we discover what ailed her. In a few weeks she seemed to be at the point of death, when another girl told me that Nkumu,

A CELEBRATED WITCH-DOCTOR,

or *bonganga*, was making *bote* to kill her. This explained everything, so off we went to the town to interview the old man. He declared, of course, that he could not make *bote* and could not kill Bokwala, so we invited him to come to the station and inform the girl herself. This was quite a different matter, and he refused to budge. However, anticipating trouble, we had not come alone, and let him know that he should be dragged to the station, if necessary, but come he must. Bokwala was carried down to the palaver-house and we made Nkumu repeat in her hearing what he had said to us. The effect was magical. The following day the girl was distinctly better, and within ten days was quite well again.

On another occasion, some brass rods had been stolen, and the owner of them went to fetch a *bonganga* to find out the thief. An old fellow named Nkoi came along with a flat iron bell and a blue glass bead. The palaver started without our knowledge, and when we went out we found it in full swing. We entered the palaver-house, where five or six hundred folk were gathered together, forming a circle round Nkoi. He chanted an incantation, bringing in the name of Eleku, and when this was concluded rubbed the bead on his bare leg. He then placed it on the bell and the bead fell off. This indicated that Eleku was not the guilty one, and a hum of approbation went round. He proceeded in the same fashion with fifteen other names, and in each case the bead when placed on the bell dropped off. Then he brought in the name of Bompole, went through the same performance, and after shaking the bell the bead remained where it had been placed. This was proof positive that Bompole was the culprit. The missionary immediately went and stood by Bompole's side to prevent

the crowd seizing and perhaps killing him on the spot. Then he faced the people, and asked that they would listen to him. He would finish the palaver. They assented, and very reluctantly the wretched old deceiver handed over his stock-in-trade to the white-man, who very speedily exposed the tricks by which the natives had been bamboozled for years. One side of the bell was thickly coated with grease, the other was clean, and when he wanted the bead to stick he, of course, put it on the dirty side. There were roars of laughter when the process was explained, and shouts of:—"The white-man is the biggest *bonganga*." This excitement was succeeded by angry murmurs, and I quickly escorted Nkoi to our house until the folk dispersed, and the next day he left the district and never returned. Nor was he the only one whose deceit and foolish tricks were brought to light by the missionaries, and before many months had elapsed we were troubled no more by the witch-doctor fraternity, though some still practised their arts in secret.

We were not long in the country before realizing that "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

SLAVERY

was then responsible for many of the barbarous practices carried on. The king once called a palaver at which the prices of food, maize, manioca, etc., were discussed, and a law made to fix them at a certain rate. To seal this law the people united to purchase a man, who was treated in the following manner:—He was tightly bound in a sitting position, while his arms and legs were broken with a wooden club, then he was put into a canoe and conveyed to a desert island. There his murderers tied him to a tree and left him to perish, attacked by heat, hunger, thirst, birds of prey, and perchance wild beasts.

A slave woman was found guilty of stealing some food. The people of her town gathered together, and after breaking her limbs rushed at her with spears and knives, and continued spearing and stabbing her all over the body until she died, when the head was cut off and the body thrown into the river, there to be devoured by crocodiles.

Whenever a free man died, one or more of his wives and some slaves were put to death with him, and sometimes with the most horrible tortures. I shall remember as long as I live the first funeral procession I ever witnessed in that dark land. A free boy had died during the night. His friends put the body into a canoe, with a little slave girl underneath. We saw them pass the station and asked one of the men what was the matter. He pointed to a small island towards which the canoe was being steered, and as we looked we saw the warm body of the living child put into a hole, and the dead boy placed on the top and the grave filled in.

Sometimes a rich chief would indulge in a perfect orgy of murder, merely for sport and to show what a great man he was. One of these was Molongo of Bokenoya, who in one week killed in sheer wantonness thirty-three of his slaves. Many times we have picked out of the water children who had been thrown away by their masters because they were weakly or ill. Our minds grew sick and our hearts tired of hearing and seeing these deeds of cruelty. Some of them formed part and parcel of their superstitious worship, while others were enforced by native law.

Our first months were very much disturbed by the quarrels and fightings which were of daily occurrence. One family would be at war with another family ; one village with another ; the folk this side of the river with those on the other side. And nearly every day men dashed through the station, got up in all their war-paint, their bodies covered with chalk or yellow ochre, with head-dresses of feathers or skins, knives tied on to their bodies, and each one carrying several spears. Drums were beaten and horns blown, and the procession was accompanied by men and women yelling and howling like demoniacs. At the conclusion of the fight there would perhaps be a dance in the town, and this was as repulsive and more disgusting than the more warlike demonstration. The dancers were daubed with white, yellow, and red clay, and performed barbarous contortions with their bodies. Sight and sound were alike

HIDEOUS AND REVOLTING—

more like pandemonium than anything I can imagine.

And yet these people in all their darkness and degradation have much about them that is lovable, and the longer we lived among them the more we found to like in them. Generally speaking, they are anxious to please the white-man, and attach themselves readily to one who treats them kindly. We once visited a strange town where the women literally wore nothing, but as soon as I told them that we did not like this custom, they all ran off to the bush and decked themselves out in large leaves. And very seldom have we been to any town or district where we were not accorded a hearty welcome. And more than once we received very substantial tokens of their affection. On one occasion one of our houses was burned down, and the following day a messenger arrived from the king to say that he wanted to have a palaver. We went down to the palaver-house, and what was our astonishment when king and people presented us with a fine goat, and moreover utterly declined to take any gift in return. They talked a great deal, but the gist of it all was this, "Our white-man has had his house burned down ; he is a very good white-man and loves us and we love him, and so we have brought a goat for him." Afterwards,

pointing to the animal, the old king added, "This is our love. If we did not love you, would we bring you a goat?" This was certainly conclusive evidence of their feeling for us, and appreciated accordingly.

When first we saw Mata Ibenge he was wearing a fine necklace of leopards' teeth, and this we had often tried to buy from him. But in vain; nothing would induce him to part with this sign of royalty. On the day of our departure for England he came to bid us farewell, and as we were saying good-bye, the dear old man took off his much-prized necklace and put it in my hands, saying, "This is to talk to you in your own country and tell you to make haste back to us. You will remember Mata Ibenge when you look at his gift."

At that time, less than three years after our arrival in the country, a great change had come over the people of the district. Fighting had practically ceased among themselves, and young folk, who, before the advent of the white-men, would not have dared to go alone beyond their own village for fear of being kidnapped and sold as slaves, moved about freely from place to place and were unmolested. Spears and other weapons were buried, and though this was an innovation which was heartily disliked by some, most of them agreed that the white-man's habit of going about unarmed was the best. We invited all and sundry to come and talk their palavers on the mission station. In many cases this was done. This naturally occupied a great deal of the missionary's time, as one was always present on these occasions. But by this means bloodshed was avoided, and frequently palavers which had lasted for more than a generation were amicably settled.

Public feeling changed, too, with regard to the murder of slaves and other barbarous usages. In the early days, the natives publicly boasted of their cruel deeds and laughed at our horror. But in a very short time they tried to conceal them from us as if ashamed of them. And before we left, it had become the exception and not the rule for a slave to be badly treated. And what is true of this one mission-centre and its surroundings, is equally true of others. Again it has been proved in Lolo-Land that Christianity is the great uplifting and regenerating force which can transform individual men and women and whole communities.

DORA MCKENZIE.



MATA IBENGE.



Pioneering Work.

ITS DIFFICULTIES, DANGERS AND RESULTS.

MANY of the difficulties and dangers inseparable from the inauguration of work in Central Africa are now, so far as the Congo Balolo Mission is concerned, ancient history. How they were met and overcome would make a thrilling and soul-inspiring narrative.

From 1889, when the pioneer party of the Congo Balolo Mission arrived in the Congo Free State, until May, 1898, when the Lower Congo Railway was opened, all the tremendous difficulties of the caravan journey had to be contended with. For a distance of 230 miles, between Matadi and Leopoldville, all loads had to be transported on the heads or backs of native porters, while Europeans desirous of proceeding to the upper reaches of the Congo were compelled to travel that 230 miles on foot, or with the help of a hammock. In those days it was no uncommon sight to see, lying by the wayside, the bleached bones of carriers who, having fallen beneath their loads, had been left to die where they fell. There being no friendly hand to give a decent burial, the corpses were allowed to remain as food for wild birds and beasts.

The task of loading up a caravan was no light one. Either the package would be too heavy or too bulky, or it had some other defect. The missionaries in charge of this department had certainly to be as "wise as serpents," and they needed the patience of a Job. I well remember offering a load to a native porter, but he refused it as being too heavy—it weighed 54 lbs. I offered him another, which he took with delight—its weight was 76 lbs. ! He was perfectly satisfied.

The gigantic difficulties involved in transporting the ss. "Pioneer," given to the Mission by the Y.M.C.A. Institutes of Ireland, and especially of Belfast, cannot be imagined, and consequently they defy description. Any but the stoutest heart would have been easily daunted at the prospect of carrying so many loads such a distance. Our brave brother Todd had, by persistent effort, got together a caravan of four hundred men to deal with it in as many sections. The heavy pieces, weighing 360 lbs. each,

were not transported for 230 miles without many palavers, but patience and perseverance, by the good hand of God on His servants, won the day, and every load was safely landed at its destination. The greatest trouble was with the cylinders, which had to be carried by many men on poles which were frequently breaking.

Then there were physical difficulties, which were often very real dangers, to be faced. The Mpalaala Hill, for instance, was a towering trial. How many missionaries, I wonder, have had an introduction to their first African fever as a result of that exhausting climb : I have heard of at least one who when he had reached half-way to the top wished to remain there to die in peace.

The rivers, or streams, constituted a veritable danger-difficulty in the wet season. On one occasion, when "on the road," forging ahead to reach a Mission Station for the week-end, we were caught in a storm—a typical African tornado. For a short time we sheltered, after which we all made haste, as there was one more river to cross, and every moment would make the crossing less

possible. When we reached it, the men persuaded us to take the risk of fording it at once. Two of the tallest and steadiest of the carriers took up the hammock, and by placing the pole on their heads, succeeded in getting us over, although in the middle of the stream the centre of the hammock was touching the water. One false step, one slip, and we would have been pre-



THE SS. "PIONEER."

cipitated into the rushing, swirling torrent. We were informed by our friends at the Mission House that had we not crossed just then, we should have had to remain on the opposite bank for perhaps four days.

In the dry season another considerable danger had to be encountered in the grass fires. It was often necessary to make a wide detour to avoid the danger zone, or to make a rapid advance or hasty retreat to escape from the onrushing flames.

Exposure was often unavoidable on the caravan route. Tramping for hours with a temperature between 80 and 100 degrees in the shade would naturally make one somewhat warm. It was no uncommon experience to arrive at the camp soaked with perspiration, only to find that the carriers with your change of clothing had either gone on or were lagging behind. Perhaps, however, that was preferable to the information that the porter with the "chop" box had gone on further, for that probably meant going hungry to bed.

LOOKING BACK

over those early days and contemplating the difficulties and dangers of the Lower Congo journey, we no longer wonder that some of our strongest men broke down, absolutely collapsed, ere its first stage was completed. One such was our brother William Watson. No man entered the Congo with a more brilliant past or with brighter hopes, yet ere he had finished the caravan route his journey had ended and he was called into the Presence of the King : a martyr to the treacherous African climate.

Thanks to the skill of European engineers, the points between the navigable parts of the Upper and Lower Congo have now been connected by a railway. The walk of 230 miles, with all its hardships, is, therefore, obviated. In two days, without exposure or fatigue, the Cataract region is now traversed and loads are transported with expedition and ease.

When the "Pioneer" was launched on the Upper Congo, very little was known about the river. Many of the dangers of its navigation had scarcely been heard of, and there were no reliable charts for the guidance of the steamer captain. The channel had not been clearly defined at the time. Rocks and snags abounded in parts of the river, and the numerous sandbanks were constantly changing their positions. Although the "Pioneer" has made more than one interesting discovery of hidden rocks, yet she is to-day actively engaged on the river.

In August, 1889, when the first party of the Congo Balolo Mission arrived on the Lulanga, negotiations were quickly and successfully carried through for the purchase of a site for the first mission station, and then arose the house-building difficulty.



A MISSION HOUSE AT BARINGA.

The erection of permanent dwelling-houses involved the missionaries in many weeks of hard manual labour. The natives had not hitherto seen European tools, consequently they had to be taught to use saw and plane; trowel and plumb; spade and rake. The forest had to be visited, trees selected, felled, taken home, ripped up and prepared for use. Clay had to be dug and mixed, bricks moulded and burned, and finally laid. All this hard, exhausting work devolved upon the white man, until he had taught the natives how to do it—a contrast to to-day, when we have modern, sanitary houses on each station, erected by our well-manned Building Department. All the skilled labour necessary for this work can now be found amongst the natives, who have been trained efficiently by the missionaries.

THE LINGUISTIC DIFFICULTY

was another stone of stumbling to our pioneer missionaries. When they first settled in Balololand, the language of the people by whom they were surrounded had not been reduced to a written form. By persistent study,

however, the intricacies and idioms of the language were mastered, an excellent Grammar prepared, and an extensive Vocabulary compiled. This feat, involving much arduous work and sustained application, sometimes aroused the suspicions of the natives, who could not understand the eager interest with which their words were noted and written down. But a more serious

DANGER THROUGH NATIVE DISTRUST

was occasioned by the unjust and cruel treatment of the natives by State Officers and Agents of Trading Companies, after the formation of the Congo Free State. For a time, the people became openly antagonistic to the missionaries. They argued that all white men were brothers, that they all came from the same country, and that all must be driven away or killed. As a result, plots for murder were concocted and attacks on the mission stations made, but all to no effect.

To-day, what a change is seen ! The difference between one white man and another is now recognized, and the missionaries are known to be "the only friends of the people." The name, *Englesa*, acts like magic, and is a safe pass-word into any native village. The term, in the estimation of the Upper Congo peoples, stands for all that is noble, just, right and good. Armed with that name alone, one can unhesitatingly go where the State Officer dare not venture, even with a strong escort of soldiers.

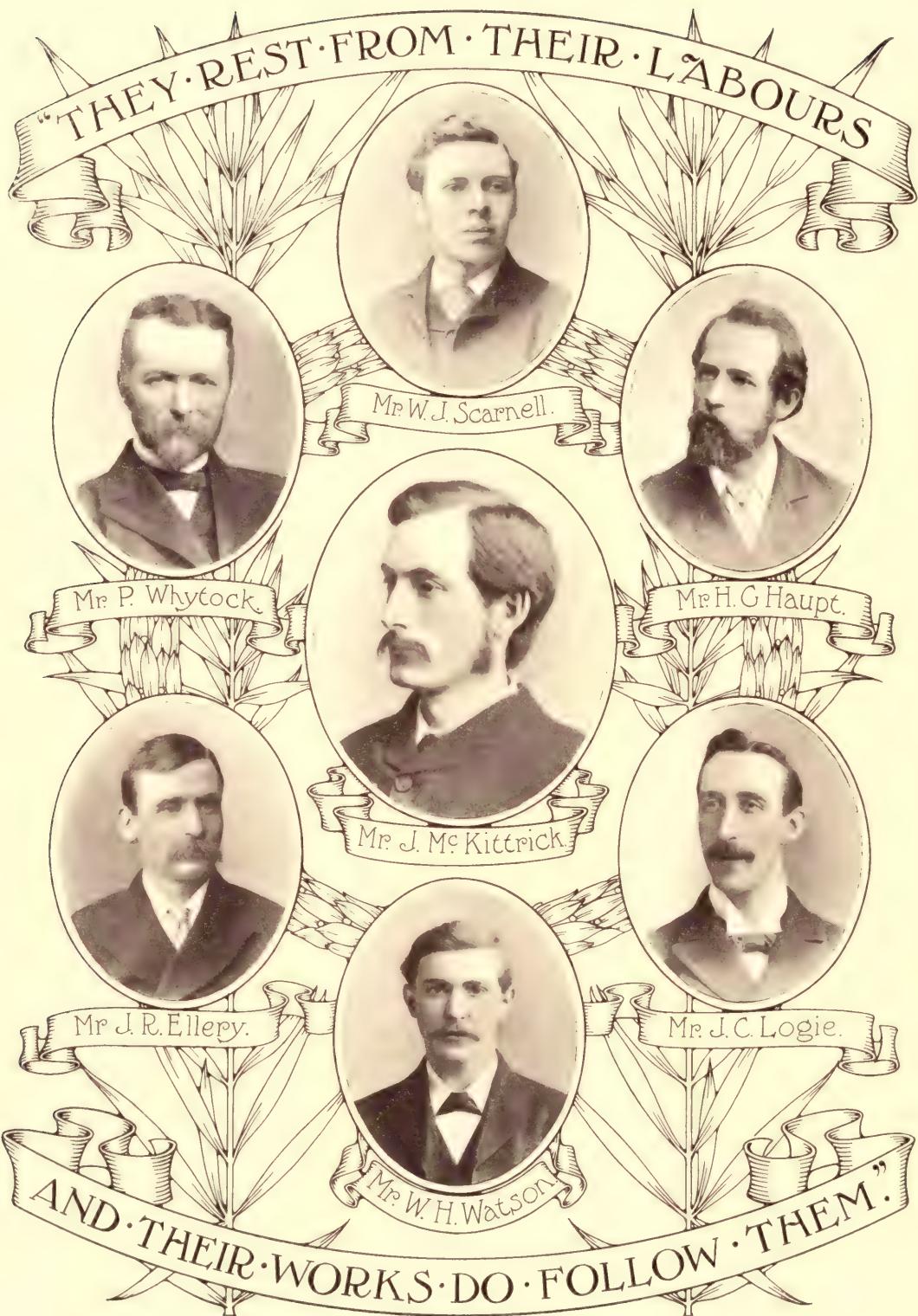
More serious than any of these things, however, were the

CLIMATIC DIFFICULTIES

faced by the pioneers, and still endured, in some measure, by the workers of to-day. At first the missionary knew that the climate was notoriously unhealthy, and that was about all. He did not know how to adapt himself to his new environment, and probably, at times, exposed himself unnecessarily. He was assured that the malarial miasma never ascended higher than six feet, consequently he built his bed on tall posts to avoid sleeping in the poisonous atmosphere. The mosquito had not been suspected in those days ; innocent creature !

The inevitable result followed. The arduous life, the exposure, the climate, left their imprint on the constitutions of the devoted workers, and towards the close of 1891 the little band was stricken by the loss of John McKittrick, the beloved leader, only two years after he had conducted the first party of missionaries into the district.

John McKittrick was the first of these brave pioneers to enter Heaven, but he was quickly followed by others who had counted the cost and were prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice their lives for the redemption of the Congo people.



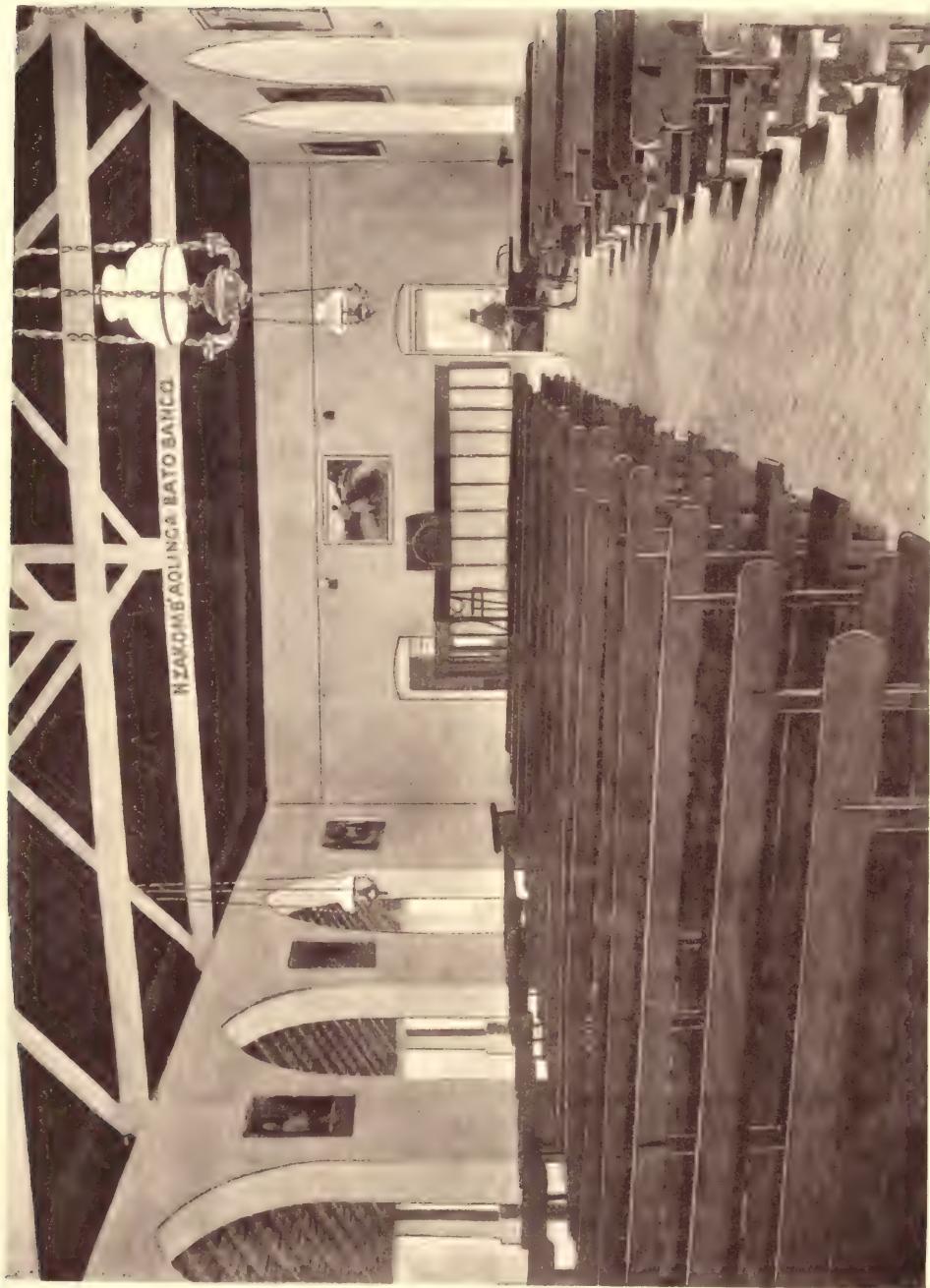
PIONEERS OF THE CONGO BALOLO MISSION.

How one would like to write of each of those heroes, who fell in the very forefront of the battle, but space forbids. Reference must, however, be made to dear Scarnell, who, when alone at Bongandanga, received his visit from the Angel of Death, on the 29th of October, 1892. His passing away was singularly pathetic. For a while he had been unavoidably left alone on our furthest Station—100 miles distant from the next white man. When in an excess of fever he became delirious, his native servants grew alarmed, and fled to their village. There they were met by an old Chief, who questioned them regarding the *bondele*. They informed him of Scarnell's peculiar manner, whereupon the old man led them back to the white man's hut. The door was opened, and they peeped inside to see their *bondele* on his knees by the bedside. But they would not disturb him, for was he not talking with *Nzakomba*—GOD. After waiting a short time they looked in again, but there was no change and they drew back once more. After a considerable period they ventured to open the door a third time, and still Scarnell was on his knees. They approached him and spoke—no answer. Louder and louder they called his name, but there was no reply. Then they realized that Scarnell's body was before them, but that his spirit had returned to its Maker. Soon afterwards, Mr. Ellery arrived from Ikau. He had come in response to a pencil message from Scarnell which ran:—“Come quickly; the Master has laid me low with haematuria.” Mr. Ellery afterwards wrote:—“We hurried on and reached Bongandanga at three o'clock on Friday morning, only to find that our brother had passed into the Presence of the King. The natives had covered the place where they laid him with a rudely constructed shelter to prevent the rain falling on ‘their white-man’—the simple, touching evidence of the love which he had inspired.” It was a love which made a lasting impression on not a few hearts.

SUCH LOSSES

test one's faith to the utmost and are hard to bear. Now, in the twentieth year of the Mission, thirty-six members of our Congo band have joined the company of those who are in the immediate Presence of their **LORD**. In 1896, our “black year,” no fewer than seven of our beloved fellow-workers were called to the Higher Service, and this high rate of mortality has not been confined to the Congo Balolo Mission, the other Societies have suffered proportionately. It is the price which must be paid for the salvation of Congoland.

Nevertheless, in spite of these things, when we note what has been accomplished, we are able to say, “Thanks be unto GOD, Who giveth us the victory.” Even before being summoned to his eternal rest, John McKittrick



THE CHAPEL AT LOLANGA BUILT BY NATIVE WORKMEN UNDER THE INSPECTION OF C.D.M.

had been privileged to see some first fruits gathered in at Bonginda. Dr. Harry Guinness, who was on the Congo at the time, wrote :—“ Tears of joy and sorrow have mingled lately as we stood on two consecutive days by the grave of John McKittrick, and at the baptism of the first converts from Balololand. It is sadly strange, but true, that dear McKittrick has gone to his eternal reward. He has won the martyr’s crown. We buried him close by his house, and close to the chapel in which he had so often told out the Old, Old Story ; close also to the road where passers-by must pause and listen to the voice of one who, being dead, will yet speak for many years to come. And there are beautiful flowers to deck his tomb—flowers of young hearts open to our JESUS—young lives given to Him. We could not but rejoice as we baptized the first five converts, and wept over the twenty-five others awaiting immersion, to think of the joy in the presence of GOD, the joy in which our departed brother must surely share.”

Again and again, as the years have passed, that joy has been repeated, and the LORD has graciously blessed the labours of His servants in Congo-land, until to-day there is a Church on each of our six stations. In some instances, these small communities have been disbanded and reformed, in order that those constituting the membership might realize that the HOLY SPIRIT cannot dwell with a disobedient church ; but in spite of many disappointments and trials, the Congo Christians in whom our missionaries now rejoice testify to the power of CHRIST to save to the uttermost, and to use those who give themselves to Him. At Lolanga, in particular, where there are over fifty in fellowship, the Church is distinguished for the zeal with which it engages in

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

Our missionaries believe in preaching—even though to the on-looker it often seems foolishness. They find no better method of disseminating the Message entrusted to them. Seven or eight preaching services a week is the usual number, and as a rule they are wonderfully well attended.

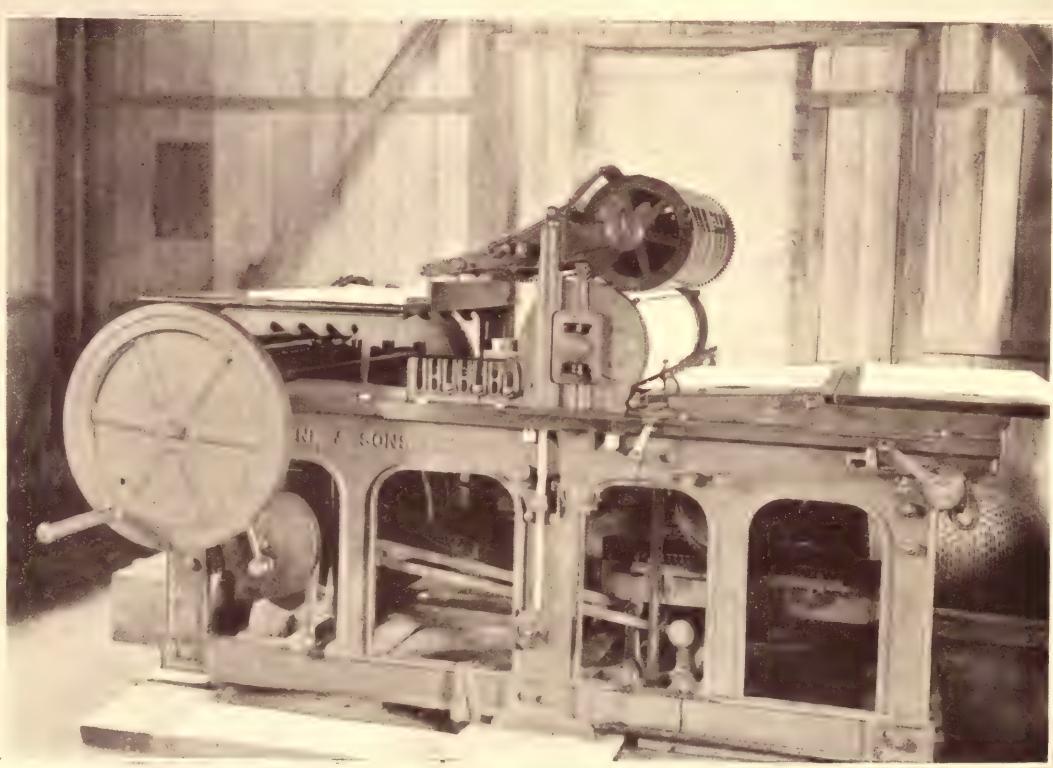
Not only are meetings conducted on the stations and in the villages around, but as opportunity offers, the missionaries make itinerating tours in the different districts, and thus scatter the good seed broadcast throughout the land. In this work native evangelists are invaluable, for whilst the white-man can only occasionally visit these out-lying towns, native evangelists are sent out regularly for a period of from one to four months, and while thus engaged are supported by the native Church.

On the stations, special classes are regularly held at which these native workers are instructed in the rudiments of Christianity. Some of the subjects taught are : The Fall—showing the helplessness, depravity and

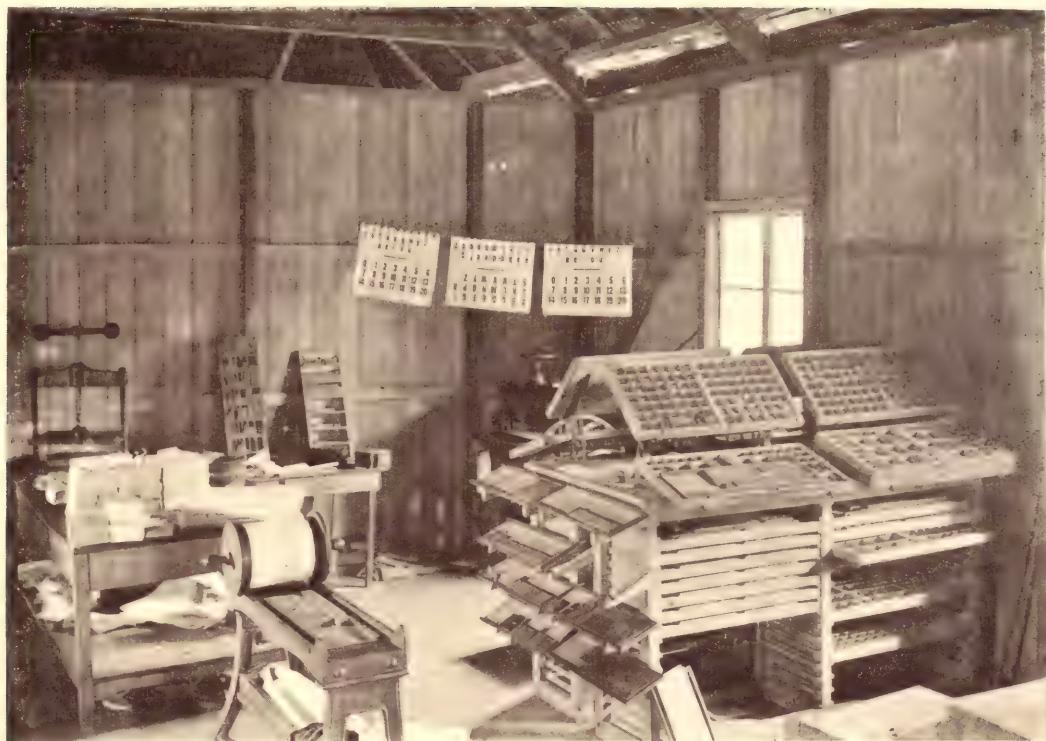
enmity of man ; the Atonement ; Justification ; Regeneration ; Faith. We look forward to the day when the evangelization of the Congo shall be achieved through the efforts of native workers who can penetrate into regions where it is impossible for the white man to live, and with that end in view we rejoice in the

TRANSLATION WORK

already accomplished by members of our Mission. Two of the languages spoken by the people—Lomongo and Ileko—have been conquered, school books, primers, etc., been prepared, and even much more than that accomplished, for our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin, assisted by their colleagues, have had the joy of translating the whole of the New Testament into Lomongo. The task they set themselves was surrounded with almost insuperable difficulties, but by the help of the HOLY SPIRIT it has been consummated. Although physically weak, Mrs. Ruskin has plodded on day after day with this labour of love, and now she rejoices that the natives



THE PRINTING PRESS UPON WHICH THE NEW TESTAMENT IS BEING PRINTED AT BONGANDANGA.



A CORNER OF THE PRINTING HOUSE AT BONGANDANGA.

will soon possess copies of the Word for their own use. This is the translator's compensation and one which also sustains those who work in our PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

Four years ago, a capital printing press was sent out and put together at our Bongandanga station. Our valued brother, Mr. Horace Gamman, who is in charge of this department, has trained natives to do the composition, proof-reading, machining and book-binding, and does not hesitate to say that the work of his lads will compare most favourably with that of any boys of the same age in England. In fact, excellent progress has been made in this branch of the work, and not only is the New Testament being printed by our native staff, but a number of school-books, primers, school-cards and calico sheets have been printed during the past year, both for our own Mission and for sister-missions on the Congo. Nor must we forget that the "Congo Balolo Mission Record," that most interesting quarterly magazine, comes to us from Bongandanga, and is the work of our missionaries and their native helpers from cover to cover.

The New Testament would be of little value to the people if they did



OUR NATIVE PRINTERS AT BONGANDANGA.

not possess the ability to read it, and for that reason we must not forget that from the first days of the Mission,

SCHOOL WORK

has played a most prominent part in the daily routine of operations. It is impossible to tabulate the results of this branch of mission work, or to indicate the number of scholars who have passed through our various schools, but it is no exaggeration to say that they amount to several thousands. All have been taught at least to read and write, and during the time spent on the Mission Station they were constantly under Christian influence, and were daily receiving religious instruction. Many of these young folk have come to us from distant villages, and, after having mastered the art of reading, have returned to their homes, carrying with them Scripture portions, which they proudly read to their relatives and friends. In this way they have become, although unintentionally, missionaries to their own people. The entrance of God's Word giveth light and life, and we are convinced that the HOLY SPIRIT can apply the Word to the hearts of those who have listened to it in this way, and that He is able to lead them out of the densest heathen darkness into the light and liberty of the Gospel

In Congoland, however, as in other lands, the hearts of the women must be touched if the lives of the children are to be radically changed. Yet, how difficult is that task.

The lot of the Central African woman is a particularly hard one. She is looked upon as man's slave, and treated accordingly, with the result that her life is spent in a degradation too dark to be described. In order to get into closer touch with these women our lady missionaries have laboured for years, and by slow degrees the result of their influence is beginning to tell. Now they are able to form sewing and other classes amongst them. True, the women do not wear garments as a rule, but a desire to be clothed indicates an interest in much deeper things. At one of our stations there are more than 100 names on the roll of such a class. Of course, the primary object of these meetings is to bring

THE WOMEN

under the sound of the Gospel, and through them several have been led to the SAVIOUR.

These women must be brought into the Kingdom one by one, and with infinite patience and pains. One of our missionaries recently wrote of Ekila, of Baringa, who journeys three miles every Sunday to hear the Gospel of JESUS CHRIST. "A number of men in her town called her to them, and said, 'You do not do as you used to do, now you have gone to hear the white-man's teaching. Give it up.' She answered, 'I cannot, and I will not give it up.' Then they told her that they would do to her as they had done to her brother. I asked another person what had been done to her brother, and I was told that they had disembowelled him. But she said, 'I cannot and I will not give it up. There I have found eternal life. There I have heard of the love of God, and there I have heard of Heaven, and because of that, if you will kill me you must, but I will not give up attending the white-man's teaching, for I would lose my life if I did.' "

She would lose her life. The SAVIOUR came that these dark Central African peoples might have life and for that reason we are at work amongst them to-day. For Him and for them our Mission exists, and we are called to enter into the task begun by the pioneers. To them came the labour of founding our stations one by one, at Bonginda, Lolanga, Ikau, Bongandanga and Baringa on the Upper River, and at Leopoldville, near Matadi, that we might have an efficient business base; to them fell the task of learning to navigate the great waterway upon which our steamers, the "Pioneer" and the "Livingstone" travel with the Good News; to them belongs the glory of having led the way, but to us comes the call to stand by the forty-two men and women who now represent them, and who are in sore need of reinforcements and fresh strength.

WILLIAM WILKES.



A CONGO WOMAN AND HER CHILD.



In the Midst of Sleeping Sickness.

1. ITS DIRE RESULTS.



ET me put before you, however imperfectly, as best I can, four distinctive pictures I have looked at since coming out here. The first was on my way up river, when the steamer had arrived at one of the stations and we all went ashore. Those of us who had come for the first time were very anxious to see all round, consequently it was difficult to keep us at rest, and we went wandering over the station.

On one of the paths as we walked along, a young man, tall, well-built, strong and intelligent looking, met us, joining himself to our party and interrupting the conversation. As a stranger, not knowing the language, I could not understand why he should interrupt, nor yet what he was saying as we walked along. It did seem very strange, though, that the missionary with us paid no attention. After a while, the young man left, and in answer to our surprise, an explanation was given. A short time before the young fellow had been very bright and intelligent, but a dreaded sickness came. Just when life should have been sweetest he had gradually lost his reason, the gift of GOD which makes life a lovely and desirable thing ; and when I saw him he was a wandering idiot.

As you read you ask : What is the explanation ? *Sleeping sickness.*

I saw the second picture a fortnight later.

I had arrived at Ikau when my attention was drawn to an exceptionally bright-looking boy, about nine to ten years of age. Enquiries elicited the fact that he was one of the cleverest boys in school just before I had come up river. He had been put on as a teacher and did his work exceedingly well. Also, he had, for a native, an exceptionally good knowledge of Bible truth, and when accepted as a member of the Church, he was able to take his place and keep it amongst others many years older, whilst in the Christian Endeavour meetings, his addresses were amongst the best.

After some time, just sufficient to make the missionaries believe that here was a lad GOD had called to the great work of proclaiming the Truth



NKEMA, WHO HAS FALLEN A VICTIM TO SLEEPING SICKNESS.

as it is in JESUS CHRIST to his fellows, it was seen that the clear young mind was yielding to some unseen, destructive force. At school, it was noticed that in his arithmetic, the work he liked best, he could scarcely ever get the right answer. He struggled as he had never needed to do before, but all to no purpose. Then at nights he could not sleep through having dreams, which shattered the whole of the nervous system. In the middle of the night, he would come running to one of the missionaries, telling a pitiful story of some

power that was going to do him grievous harm.

After that had continued for some time he was possessed by a fear that his best friend wanted to hurt him. The friend was a lady, tender as only a lady can be, and had done her very utmost to save him from the clutches of the desperate malady binding him. Avoiding his friend, he went and sat down in town, and when he did visit the station it was to go to the home of another missionary.

By this time the boy's eyes had got the fixed stare of one whose reason has been dethroned.

You ask what will happen to the youth. He may either go wildly mad, or lie down and sleep on till death claims him. So far there is no hope for him. The door into the mansion which holds the cure, though it has been besieged by the whole of the medical profession as represented by specialists, still remains closed.

Again you ask what is wrong? *Sleeping sickness.*

A third picture.

From the time of my arrival at Ikau I heard a great deal about a young man called Nkema.

The person who owned the name was some years ago one of the brightest of the Christians at Bonginda, and one of the best native evangelists in our C.B.M. work. As a bright, intelligent and intellectual looking young man, Mongo speaking, he came to Bonginda. He heard the Gospel message. The Truth laid hold on the young life, and with a clear mind he soon made progress in the knowledge of Christian truth. Chosen to be an evangelist, and having the necessary gifts for such work, he and his message soon found an entrance into the hearts of the people, around the district. His was the life of a strong man. The truth lived and sparkled in him, and JESUS was honoured in the advance of His Kingdom.

But signs of a change began to manifest themselves in Nkema. He would sometimes do the most irrational things. After some time he became a danger to the whole community. He set fire to some houses and threatened the lives of some who had been his best friends. At last it was found impossible to risk the lives of missionaries and others by his presence on the station, and it was decided that he was to be taken to his town.

To bind him it took eight strong men, and even these had as much as they could do. He was taken in a canoe to Ikau, the nearest river town to his own, which was inland, and from thence he was taken bound, a short time before I arrived, to his friends.

About four weeks after my arrival at Ikau, when Mr. Jeffrey was paying the men employed on the station, someone called out, "Nkema has come!" I, accompanying Mr. Jeffrey, went to see the visitor. The sight was most pitiful. The young man I have already done my best to describe, I now saw for the first time, and was much attracted towards him. Though I did not know what he was saying, the orator in the man spoke to me, for madman as he was, he had a magnetic power that drew one to him.

After we had left Nkema I was told that the short time had wrought a great change in him. His physical strength was very much less, while he spoke more wildly than ever before.

Three weeks ago I again saw him as I was on my way here, and the change was most perceptible.

He now claims to be GOD, into whom JESUS CHRIST has become merged, and all that is on earth and all in the heavens belongs to him.

You wonder can it be?—yes—it is *sleeping sickness*.

The fourth and last picture I had only one look at myself. A few years ago, at Bongandanga, there was a young man who, like many others, I suppose, all the world over, was fond of making trouble. Like all such he had to pay in some little measure for the evil of his ways. After some time the Truth laid hold on him, and after the usual time of preparation he was admitted to church membership. Like most people who have a love for mischief, he had a comparatively clever mind. As a carpenter he gave satisfaction, and some of his work which I have seen could be placed readily alongside the work of



BONGOLI, ANOTHER EVANGELIST WHO HAS JUST DIED OF SLEEPING SICKNESS.

the full trades' union carpenter. But he began to sleep during working hours, and soon became so bad that he could not continue as a workman.

He went to his town, and there the malady speedily increased upon him. In his corner of the hut he lay and slept morning, noon and night. I saw him one afternoon when I went with Mr. Gamman to pay him a visit.

I looked into the hut expecting to see a man—GOD of mercy, what was it? A form—yes, but nothing more. The bones showed clearly all over. It might have been taken for a doctor's skeleton covered with skin. I might have asked, and with reason, "Can these bones live?" Yes, there was life, but nothing else—scarcely a perceptible movement to indicate existence. A week later that little departed.

Here is the one picture that justifies the name of that dread disease now tearing a path through Africa's bleeding heart.

W. MCVIE.



DYING OF SLEEPING SICKNESS.

2. CAN WE HELP ?

 **T**was Sunday afternoon, the second Sunday after our arrival at Baringa. The men, Messrs. Skerritt, Cartwright and Stannard were away in a far-distant town conducting an open-air meeting. A large party of our people accompanied them. Consequently Baringa seemed almost deserted. I was sitting under the verandah of my house, enjoying the quiet hush of God's day of rest and awaiting the return of the evangelistic party, when I was surprised to see Mr. Cartwright walking rapidly down the centre path of the Mission Station, in the opposite direction to his own house. Now I knew that he must have only just returned from that long walk and could not as yet have had his evening meal. So I called to him as he was passing, "Whither away so fast?" Whereupon he came towards me and said, "I'm going to the sleeping sickness shed. I hear a man has died there. If so, we must bury him to-night."

I asked if I might be allowed to go with him. He hesitated for a moment, and then said reluctantly, "Well, you may if you wish, but it is hardly a fit place for a woman." Darkness was falling fast and there was no time to argue the point, so we started.

Leaving the Mission Station behind, and passing through the native Christians' quarters, we struck off to the left. At first there was no visible path, but we plunged through long grass for a little distance until we came upon one—very narrow and winding through what seemed to me a perfect forest of palms, plantain, and rubber trees. We went in single file, Mr. Cartwright leading the way.

After walking perhaps a quarter of a mile, the path ended abruptly in a small clearing. In its centre stood a native grass hut, and inside were six men and boys sitting around a dim wood fire. Men and boys did I call them? Breathing skin and bone would better describe them. Never during my hospital experience have I seen such extreme emaciation. Their poor limbs were so thin that the elbows and knees stuck out like great knobs, and the head seemed too heavy for the neck to support. It was a sight too pitiful for words.

By this time our eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, and we looked around to find the body of the poor fellow whose suffering as we thought had come to an end. But we found him outside the hut, still gasping in the throes of death, lying face downward on a heap of refuse: he had been thrown out by his fellow-sufferers as dead.

As Mr. Cartwright gently lifted him back into the shed again and placed him near the fire, the poor man opened his eyes to look once more into the

only face that held pity for him. Had he been left to his own people, he would have long since been thrown into the bush to die. He had become an object of fear and abhorrence in life, of disgust and loathing in death, receiving no care or attention of any kind beyond what we were able to give from the Mission Station. For no one visits these sufferers. The natives stand in fear and trembling of this terrible disease, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that we are able to persuade a native Christian to carry them food twice a week.

A few days later, I saw Mr. Skerritt and Mr. Cartwright pass my house carrying spades on their shoulders, and I knew that at last the troubled spirit had fled and the poor suffering body was at rest. I followed slowly, and as I passed the houses of the native Christians the men and women stood at their doors and covered their mouths with amazement because the white lady was not afraid of the “sleep-sickness.”

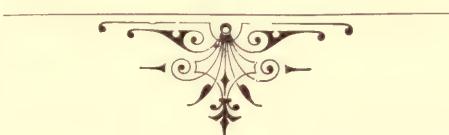
As I neared the spot I heard the spades digging into the sod, and I watched the body, wrapped in large plantain leaves, reverently lowered into the grave, and the earth placed upon it. I wondered, if at the last great day, the soul of this poor heathen would rise up in judgment against us. Will he be cast out of Heaven because he has never heard of a SAVIOUR? Or shall we be refused admission for not having told him? No beautiful words—“I am the Resurrection and the Life,” “In sure and certain hope of the Resurrection.” No, he is only a heathen! Hide him from the sight of man and leave him, and yet—to provide salvation for such as these our SAVIOUR suffered the agony of Gethsemane and the death of the Cross.

Dear brothers and sisters in the homeland, do we not often sing :

“*In the heart of Jesus, there is love for you,
Love so strong and tender, love so deep and true.*”

Then what does the heart of our SAVIOUR suffer when He looks down from His Heaven upon such a scene as this? Does He see some sitting in comfortable ease at home who should be helping us on the field? I implore you to commune with God on the matter, and if He says “Go!” then come over and help us! If not, then give willingly to Him of your substance, to enable us to do more for the sufferers who remain.

KATE M. BUTLER.





The Congo of To-Morrow.

HOW impossible it is to consider the future of Congoland without remembering the hindrances to its progress! What is to be done with regard to that terrible scourge, sleeping sickness, which, originally endemic in the cataract region of the Congo, has now invaded with deadly grip the population of the Upper River? The determination of its cause and treatment has become a problem of urgent international importance, and brilliant observers have devoted themselves to its elucidation. That the disease is spread by a variety of tsetse fly is proved beyond a doubt, but the preventive measures devised for application in Uganda are practically valueless for the Congo! There the wide distribution of water-ways and the almost universal presence of the blood-thirsty tsetse makes it most difficult to prevent the spread of the disease.

The regulations recently promulgated by the French Government are most interesting. They recommend (1) That the fly should be destroyed by cutting down or burning the brushwood for about 500 metres from the water, and by depriving the insect of the blood of vertebrates, without which it cannot live for more than three days. (2) That Europeans should make their camps and houses at a distance from rivers and streams, and separate from those of the natives, who should be warned to draw their supplies of water only at night, when the fly is inactive; and that the houses should be closed with wire gratings. (3) That infected persons should be isolated and treated with injections of atoxyl, a preparation of arsenic, which causes the disappearance of the parasites from the blood, at least for a time. These regulations, if carried out, might effect a change for the better, and as soon as the future administration of the Congo is settled, concerted action might be taken by the various missions, perhaps in association with the Government, in order to carry out some such scheme.

In any case our missionaries must deal with the problem as they find it, alleviating the miseries of the sick, and caring as far as possible for the dying. Nurse Butler's story is terribly sad, and the word-pictures of Mr. McVie make our hearts ache for these helpless folk, doomed, as it seems, apart from divine intervention, to live under the Damocles sword of this dread disease.

And what of

CONGO MAL-ADMINISTRATION ?

These pages do not afford space to answer the question, and we must refer our readers to an illustrated pamphlet published early in the year,* which concisely describes the appalling results of King Leopold's rubber régime.

As these lines are written, the future relation of Belgium to the Congo is under lively discussion, and the issue of these deliberations is difficult to gauge. The democratic section of the Belgian Chamber is almost to a man averse to any colonial policy at all, and therefore to the adoption of the Congo. The Catholic and Conservative sections are strongly in favour of annexation, and accept, with few dissentients, the Treaty of Cession and Administration conceded by King Leopold, under which a continuation of existing ills is inevitable. These parties may be regarded as "annexationists at no price," and "annexationists at any price," but there is an increasing section of the Chamber, represented by many Liberals, who accept the principle of annexation, but not on the lines indicated by the existing Bill. Like the gifted Socialist leader, M. Vandervelde, who is arranging personally to visit the Congo this summer, they believe that the only hope for the native, lies not in the inefficiency of combined European control, as illustrated in Morocco, or Macedonia, but in a sincere and earnest Belgian administration, founded on a reversal of the predatory policy hitherto pursued in relation to the natives. Some members of this party believe in restoring the native rights in land and labour, and hold that the Belgian Government is rich enough to pay for the glory of doing right by the native population. Undoubtedly, this ideal is a noble one, but it has the disadvantage of being costly to Belgium, and is not therefore likely to appeal to either of the extreme parties in the Chamber, and perhaps to comparatively few even of the Liberal party itself.

Whatever solution to the general question the future may hold in store, one thing seems tolerably clear, and that is that existing disabilities imposed upon Protestant missionary effort are destined to be speedily removed under the combined pressure of Great Britain and the United States. It is common knowledge that for many years now Treaty guarantees have been flagrantly violated by the refusal to permit any Protestant missionary society to acquire a new station ! This attitude cannot be maintained much longer, and whilst its alteration will only touch the native problem indirectly, it will open the door to Missionary Extension, with all that the latter brings with it of publicity and protection.

* The Congo Crisis, by Dr. Harry Guinness. Price 6d., post free 8d. R.B.M.U., Publication Department, Harley House, Bow, E.



PREACHING TO THE PEOPLE AT SAMBA, ON THE MARINGA, WHERE THE GOSPEL HAD NEVER BEEN PREACHED BEFORE.

As yet, missionary effort has only touched the fringe of Upper Congo need. In the vast territory, for instance, in which the Congo Balolo Mission is at work, we have only been permitted to occupy a comparatively restricted area. The Lomami River, navigable for seven hundred miles beyond its junction with the Congo, remains entirely unreached. So far as we are informed, its large population speaks the Lomongo language with which our missionaries are familiar, but hitherto they have only known the iron oppression of the rubber tyranny, and the only news from the Lomami, which has leaked into the press now and again, has been of native rebellions, fighting, and yet more fighting! As to the Juapa, Bosira, Momboyo, and other vast affluents of the Ruki system of rivers, what of their peoples? These are all included in the horse-shoe bend of the Congo, in the territory which the Congo Balolo Mission ought to reach. It will be within the recollection of some that our Mission commenced to establish a station at Moniaca (Bonyeka), in the very heart of this important region, only to be turned off by the Congo Government, with indignity, danger to the lives of the missionaries, and with loss of property to the extent of £700. When we return, to Moniaca, in the providence of GOD,

WHAT SHALL WE FIND?

What of its interested crowds? The vast amount of rubber which has been derived from this part of the Congo tells its own story of what must have taken place where missionaries have been forbidden to enter. And when the door swings back, probably in this very year, 1908, what shall we do for these oppressed peoples who must be eagerly awaiting our advent?

And what of the Ikelemba, whose lower reaches only we have visited; and of the Upper Lopori and Maringa, far beyond existing missionary stations where our brethren have not hitherto been permitted to penetrate, but in whose distant homes sorrow and anguish alone have characterized the arrival of the white man? By and by we shall be able to answer the question, "*Watchman, what of the night?*" How long will it be ere we can say, "*The morning cometh!*" Surely in the providence of GOD, some commensurate blessing must yet fall upon the Congo, in which we shall be able to trace the goings of the LORD, Who causeth even the wrath of man to praise Him.

But if our Mission is to respond to the immense possibilities and responsibilities which will soon be ours, it will mean more prayer, more men and women, and more money too. Thank GOD, we have a business base adequate to any extension. Our steamers are sufficient to enable us to reach all these rivers. Experience has taught us, through many sorrows, how and where to build; and the knowledge we possess of the varied languages spoken



MAKING PALM OIL AT BARINGA.

in this vast area would enable us to reach effectively by European and native help, the people that yet lie in the regions beyond us. But the great pre-requisite which we ought not to postpone for a single day is *intelligent and definite prayer*. If our friends study the map, and realize somewhat the meaning of these great rivers, which with their numerous tributaries, one tithe of which are not marked, open up this virgin field, they will begin to see the importance of such prayer.

The fact that sleeping sickness and slavery have ravaged these regions; and that suffering unspeakable has been meted out to the helpless people, ought to make us all the more eager to give them the balm of the Gospel. Though depopulation has characterized the rubber régime, yet *on the rivers described there are hundreds of thousands of people still left*, the population being especially dense on the watershed and at the sources of these affluents of the Congo. We must not allow the horrors of the past to paralyze our missionary activities, but rather determine that these shall

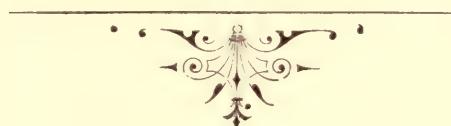
serve as a burning incentive to renewed energy, the moment the opportunity arrives. *There is yet a great future for the Congolese!* Unlike the North American Indians, these people of Central Africa are not destined to pass away. This is a black man's country, and under a better sway the future will yet be bright with hope! When I think of the anguish of those who have sown the seed, so often, alas, with literal tears, and watered it as it were with their life-blood, then am I convinced that we shall yet see a time of reaping on the Congo such as shall be the praise of the whole earth! Not in vain the sorrows of the past. Not in vain the prayers of years. The handful of corn on the top of the mountain shall yet wave like Lebanon, and the glory shall be the LORD'S.

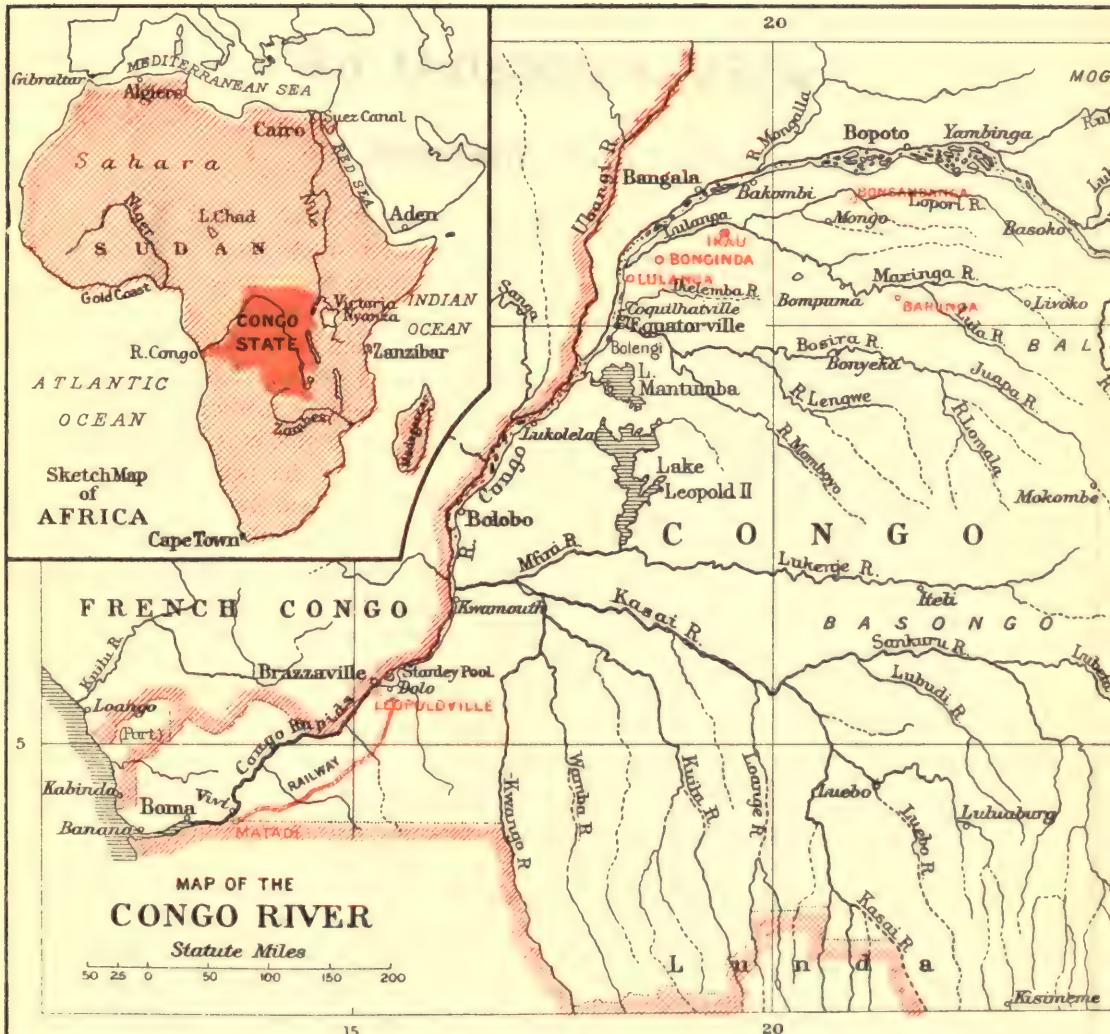
But if this is to be so, a new spirit of generosity must be displayed, for it will be absolutely impossible to extend missionary influence amongst these needy suffering peoples, unless friends are prepared to supply the means. We need to adopt practical and industrial methods of training these Congo natives, and in this connection the splendid achievements of the late Dr. Stewart, at Lovedale, in South Africa; of Booker Washington at Tuskegee; and of the Hampden Institute, U.S.A., are of deep significance. Similar work on the Congo, conducted on practical, common-sense lines, in addition to spiritual teaching, would aid in the equal development of head, hand and heart, and result in the production of a generation of men and women whose moral nature would respond more readily and thoroughly to the teaching of the SAVIOUR of men, and whose independence of character would be the best guarantee for the prosperity of the country after these years of oppression and slavery.

But if we are to attempt such an effort, if we are even to maintain that which has been begun, we need a large accession to the ranks of our warm-hearted donors. *Existing burdens must be lifted, ere we can venture to shoulder new responsibilities*, and we venture to appeal earnestly to all readers of this book to do what in them lies to strengthen and extend this Christlike work.

Who will pray? Who will help? Who will go?

H. G. G.





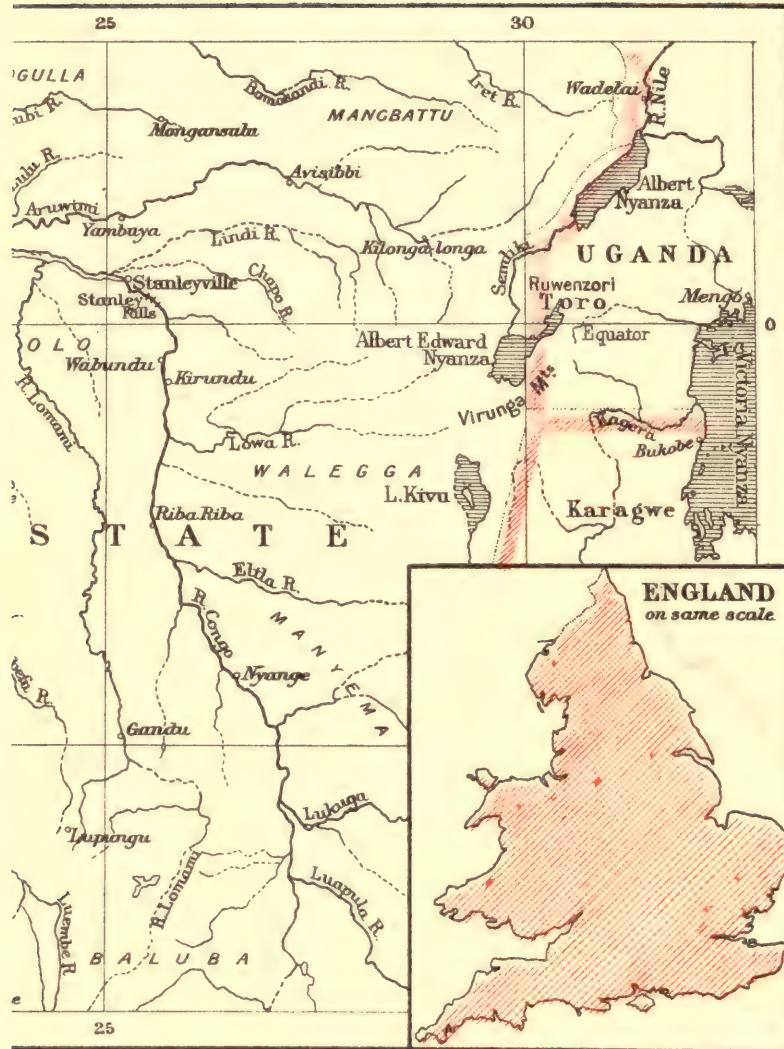
George Philip & Son, Ltd.

A Map of the Congo River, showing England on the same scale
Congo Balolo Mission marked in red

TO FACE P. 104.

— long and trying journey, a journey that has left me heartsick and bewildered.

*This article is reprinted from *The Congo Balolo Mission Record* for June, 1907, and was written by Mr. Edgar Wallace, the well-known journalist, when staying with our Missionaries there.



scale, and with the six stations of the
line in red.



An Outsider's View.*

1. AT BONGANDANGA, JUNE, 1907.



If you think of me as "the man in the street"—as the individual to whom, by reason of his profession, Sunday is a busy work day, you get a better idea of the value of my opinions regarding foreign missions.

Not that I am unacquainted with missionaries and their work. I know them in the South, I have seen their work in Cape Colony and Rhodesia. I know them in the North and East.

Why, it is only a year ago since poor Budgett Meakin and I sat on the broad verandah of the Hotel Reina Christina at Algeciras, and talked learnedly of the work in Morocco. I think Meakin was amused at my cheap cynicism—I know he chuckled at my bad Arabic. He had given the greater part and the best years of his life, to his work. He produced a tiny grammar which was one of the best things of its kind. He came to Algeciras, when the great Conference which was to decide Morocco's future, was holding its sessions. He alone of all that crowd of statesmen and journalists who were gathered in that little Spanish town, seemed ever to have before him the welfare of the natives.

"One would imagine you thought the Conference was called for the betterment of the Moors," I remarked flippantly one day. "Please God, it is for nothing else," was his earnest reply. So Meakin went home—to die. His last thoughts were for the natives amongst whom he worked. He died as he lived, a sincere Christian gentleman.

It is a far cry from Morocco to the Congo. Yet here am I, some 1,100 miles from the coast. If I turn my head as I write I see a grand stretch of forest that sweeps away to the horizon. This Bongandanga lies on a hill, and we overlook a great sea of tree tops, a forest-ocean that stretches away, away, away. Grey mists veil the far distances. Here one tree rising above its fellows, stands for a tiny island in the sea. Somewhere, hidden by the trees that form the blue line of the horizon, the Congo rolls, a great shallow waste of water. For me, Bongandanga represents almost the end of a long and trying journey, a journey that has left me heartsick and bewildered.

*This article is reprinted from *The Congo Balolo Mission Record* for June, 1907, and was written by Mr. Edgar Wallace, the well-known journalist, when staying with our Missionaries there.

In these pages it would serve no useful purpose were I to touch upon the political aspects of my investigations. The "Record" is so purely a magazine devoted to the work of the men and women who are bringing spiritual light to this dark country, that politics would be a jarring element to introduce. And yet one is so mixed with the other, that I find a difficulty in effecting a separation.

What the State has done for the Congo and its people; what work the Government has accomplished to enlighten these poor souls living in heathenism; what hospitals it has erected; what schools it has founded; what measure of civilization it has brought into this vast land—of all these things posterity shall judge. In another place, and in other columns than these I shall take upon myself the journalist's privilege of prejudging posterity's verdict.

What the missionaries have done, I can see with my eyes, and seeing, I am prouder of my country and my countrymen and women, than ever I have been before.

No battle I have witnessed, no prowess of arms, no exhibition of splendid courage in the face of overwhelming odds, has inspired me as the work of these outposts of Christianity.

I say this in all sincerity, not because I am any more of a Christian than the average man of the world; not because I am impressionable to Christian work and Christian service, but because my sense of proportion is sufficiently well-adjusted to allow me to rightly judge the value of the work. And I do not especially refer to the



A NATIVE OF BONGANDANGA.

work of the Congo Balolo Mission. I speak as enthusiastically of the Baptist Missionary Society and the other missions of the Congo.

Picture for yourselves the lives of these missionaries. Isolated by hundreds of miles of forest and waterways from the nearest of their kind. Set down in the midst of cannibal communities, their nearest neighbours, the representatives of "the State"—frankly inimical to their labours. Here at Bongandanga, you may picture them so cut off from intercourse with the world, that the warning whistle of the "Pioneer," as it threads its tortuous way through the shallows of the little creek, is the sweetest music.

I do not know who reads the "Record." Whether its readers be "hardened Christians," people so well acquainted—in theory—with the hardships and sufferings of missionary life, that they receive as a matter of course, the stories of devoted labour; and carelessly and complacently accept them as part of the "day's work." I believe there are good Christian people who do not realize how easy it is to get into the habit of bearing other people's troubles with equanimity. As a rank outsider I cannot but feel that what is wanted here on the Congo is very practical sympathy indeed from the good people at home—a full realization that missionary labour on the Congo means

WORK, HARD WORK;

work with one's bare hands. Work that means sawing wood, and building houses, and tilling fields, and planting trees. Work that labourers in England get paid 9d. an hour for performing.

People who talk glibly of "work in the missionary field" are apt to associate that work with house to house visitations, and devotional services, and the distribution of charity; but in reality it means all these things, plus the building of the houses one visits, building of the churches in which one worships, the inculcation in the native of a spirit of manliness, which renders charity superfluous.

Somebody down the river told me that there was a difficulty in getting men and women for the missionary work in Congoland. Speaking frankly, as a man of the world, I do not wonder. I would not be a missionary on the Congo for £5,000 a year. That is a worldly point of view. I do not think it is a very high standpoint. It is a simple confession that I prefer the "flesh pots of Egypt" to the self-sacrifice and devotion that the missionary life claims. Yet, were I a good Christian, and were I a missionary hesitating in my choice of a field, I would say with Desdemona, "I do perceive here, a divine duty."

Look at the records of the Missions of the Congo. I say without hesitation, that every work of progress and civilization that the Congo has seen

has owed its inception and has been brought to fruition by these fine people. The very chartering of its great waterways—a State work if ever there was one—was carried out by a missionary.

If from the depths into which the natives have sunk through oppression and neglect, men and women have been raised to the level of good citizens, the missionaries have done it. All that is best in this sad land is the work of the missionaries. And all this has not been accomplished by sitting tight and waiting for miracles. It has not been done by lazy prayerfulness. Prayer, I doubt not, has made all things possible, but after the missionaries have done praying they have taken off their coats and got to work. The right kind of prayer is that which begins, "Oh, GOD, give me strength to do this thing"—and that is the kind of prayer that the Congo missionaries pray.

They are making men on the Congo. I have seen that with my own eyes. It is the only bright spot in the gloom that enshrouds this land of Death.

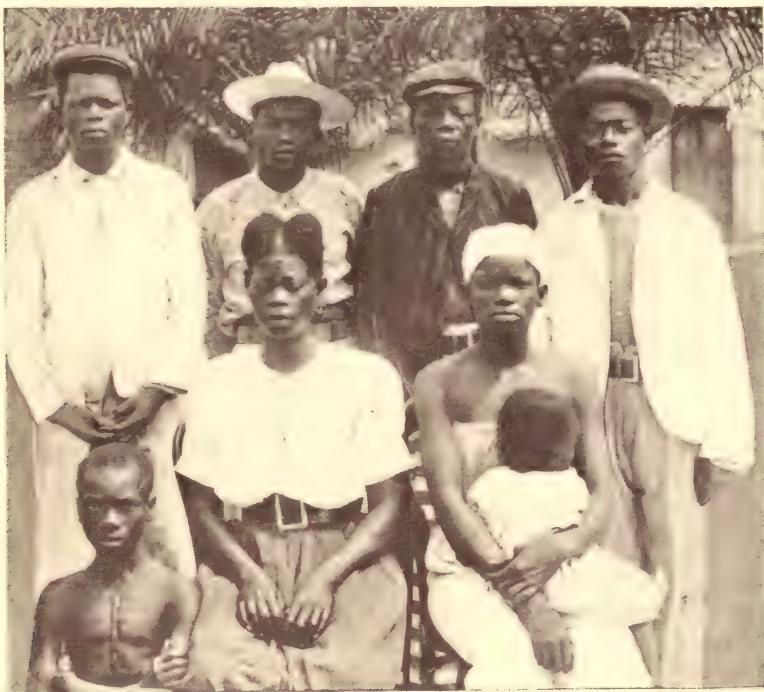
They are healing the sick and succouring the weak. In the old days of Chivalry to succour the weak and aid the oppressed was the charge of every good knight. Such a charge these knights of CHRIST received from their OVERLORD, and most worthily do they fulfil that charge.

2. TWELVE MONTHS AFTER.

ABSTRACT villainy leaves me unmoved, and by the same token abstract goodness bores me. Adams, leaning over the rail one night when the African sky was a blaze of starlight, and the wake of the ship through the oily waters was marked by a "V" of phosphorescent foam, this Adams, a doctor of medicine, and young, tersely described me as a heathen. That is a year ago, and Adams is buried in a pretty west country churchyard, far away from the smell of the coast. But I am thinking how the poor boy would have smiled—sardonically perhaps—at the Heathen discoursing earnestly on the Congo Missionary.

If, "Dr. Harry," this introduction does not please you or appears in its flippancy to be an unseemly contribution to the pages of missionary literature, remember always that for years I received a fabulous salary for the very sake of my flippancy, and no more condemn it than you would if it were writ in dull and illiterate English.

Let me also start fair and air my prejudices. Twelve years' acquaintance with Africa has definitely fixed in my Scheme of Life, the exact position of the native races of that sunny continent. The place of the native is



A GROUP OF CONGO CHRISTIANS.

as clearly defined as the social status of my under-housemaid. Frankly, I do not regard the native as my brother or my sister, not even as my first cousin; nor is he even a poor relation. I do not love the native—nor do I hate him. To me he is just part of the scenery, a picturesque object with uses. In fairness to myself, I might add that my view of him is on all-fours with his regard of me, and in fairness to me also, there are thousands of white men I have met from time to time, who, did they call me "brother," I should most certainly hand over to the police. Between the native and myself is the gulf of a thousand years, and I do not desire to bridge that gulf, but long acquaintance with him has given me at least a knowledge of and a respect for the aboriginal people of South and Central Africa. Remembering always that the native is a child, with the whims, temper, and credulity of a child, it is a very simple matter to gain his love and his respect. Just as simple it is to earn his hate, his suspicion and his contempt.

Well-equipped with knowledge of his characteristics, I found myself at Boma twelve months ago, a prying, inquisitive seeker of news, viewing the abstract evil of the Government, as the abstract virtues of the missionary without enthusiasm.

I propounded two questions.

The first was to the Government represented by a languid governor-general with an eye-glass.

"If I go up the Congo on a State steamer, will you undertake to land me at missionary stations so that I may get the missionary version of the condition of Congoland?"

The answer was uncompromisingly, "No."

To the missionary, a tall young man with an amused smile, who sat perilously on the rail of the Congo Balolo Mission steamer, LIVINGSTONE, I asked.

"If I go up the Congo on your elegant steamer, will you land me at the 'State' stations, so that I may get the Government side of the story?"

Macdonald indicated the vast expanse of the Congo with a comprehensive wave of his hand.

"You can go anywhere—providing there's enough water to float the LIVINGSTONE."

You observe the cautious proviso—Macdonald is Scotch. Here was a point in the missionaries' favour—they were prepared to show me both sides

Those days on the LIVINGSTONE!

There was breakfast at seven, and then prayers. With all the tact of diplomatists these missionaries let me know that if I did not stay to prayers, they would put the most charitable construction upon my boorishness.

Yet I stayed to prayers, remembering that there was a time and it was beautifully refreshing, the simple, manly little service in the sweltering cabin. And there were Sundays when the boat laid tied up to the bank of a mission station, and a chapel bell tinkled musically, and there was a Sunday feeling in the air. As for me, I came and went as I wished, no man saying me nay.

From Stanley Pool to Bongandanga, from Bongandanga to Baringa; days on the broad bosom of M'Tumba; days of patient plodding against the fierce current of the river; spangled nights in the silent forest reaches, where naked lights flared mysteriously amidst a tangle of tropical forest, and the night long "clop clop" of axes and the crash of falling trees told of missionary natives preparing fuel for the voracious fires of the steamer. Then there were days of investigation when I sat in the cool of the missionaries' verandah and listened to stories of unimagined cruelties from natives.

Picture Abiboo, the Kano boy, my servant, a sceptic like myself, checking the translation, introducing here and there a question or interjecting some suspicious observation.



SS LIVINGSTONE.

Picture the earnest native squatting on the ground, emphasizing his sonorous periods with expressive gesture.

" The soldier came to me and said ' You must go and work rubber for Bula Matadi ' I am a chief and the son of a chief, but I have no people, for they are gone. Some have died in the chain, some in the forest, some have died of the Sickness So the soldier knocked me down with his rifle and put his foot upon my neck"

Already the Congo to me is as a dreadful nightmare, a bad dream of death and suffering. Such a dream as one sees o' nights when nothing is right, when every law of man and nature is revolted, and the very laws of life are outraged.

A bad dream, save only in this, that mingled with the mad delirium of lawlessness, runs a brighter theme. And it is of men and women, white men and white women, who are living their lives and dying their deaths at humanity's need: who are creating a manhood from a degraded race: who are making Christians and citizens. Hard, bitterly hard, is the work: full of disappointment and rebuff, but steadfastly and unflinchingly, these brave soldiers of the Nazarene are fighting His fight.

I am grateful to them for this: that they made me feel ashamed: ashamed of my futile life by the side of their great achievements.

In England I met a smug Christian, and told him of these missionaries.

"We owe them our prayers," he said, sententiously.

I laughed.

"Write your prayers on the back of a five pound note and send the note to the Congo Balolo Mission," I said, irreverently.

EDGAR WALLACE.



THE EVANGELIST.

PART
IV.

IN SOUTH AMERICA . . . AT THE OPPORTUNE MOMENT.



RELIEF MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA, SHOWING ARGENTINA AND PERU, THE TWO REPUBLICS IN WHICH THE R.B.M.U. IS AT WORK.



"COME OVER AND HELP US!" THE PLEA OF THE INCA INDIAN OF PERU.



How we came to Enter South America.

FHERE is one great distinction between the missions started by the R.B.M.U. on the Congo and in India, and those for which we are responsible in South America. In the case of the former, we thoughtfully and prayerfully embarked on new movements, which from the very first were the outcome of decisions arrived at in Council, and carried into effect by missionaries who volunteered for the task. In the case of the latter, brethren were led of the LORD to go forth independently to South America, and to endeavour whilst earning their living as teachers, to carry out the commands of the Master by evangelizing in their spare time. These volunteers virtually became our pioneers. They opened the way, they saw what ought to be done and tried to do it, and then appealed to us to adopt and organize the movements they had been permitted to inaugurate. This was the course of events both in Argentina and Peru. Individual initiative in both republics led to subsequent organization. Graham and Roberts in Argentina ; Stark, Jarrett and Peters in Peru, led the way ; apart from any home direction, support, or control. Guided by the SPIRIT of GOD, these brethren devoted their lives to South America, little dreaming that they were to forge the links which should bind Harley House to the lands of their adoption.

Many of our students have thus ventured forth, and originated missions that are doing excellent independent work to-day : but for none of these has Harley House become responsible. They have gone on their way and GOD has prospered them. In the case of the brethren who went to South America, however, the very pressures they experienced, the very difficulties they encountered, finally drove us to their rescue. They could not be left to struggle on alone and unaided. Their labours demanded organization and support. And the LORD Who thrust forth these workers, made it abundantly clear that it was His purpose for us to stand by them and strengthen their hands.

In these cases, the cry "Come over and help us," was not so much a plea from the needy souls of the "Neglected Continent," as from the missionaries who had gone out to help them: and after many months of prayer we "assuredly gathered" that the LORD would have us recognize His voice in their appeal. This eventually led to my three journeys to South America, in the last of which, 1907, my daughter Geraldine accompanied me. I need only add that to-day we are more than ever convinced of the LORD'S leading throughout these years,—His gentle, progressive, unmistakable guidance, the constraint of the SPIRIT. To this we attribute the fact that we find ourselves in South America at the opportune moment, when the whole continent is awakening to fresh life, and the door for Gospel proclamation is opening everywhere. And ought not this conviction to confirm our confidence that He Whose Hand has thus far been with us for good, will sustain us through every difficulty in the accomplishment of His gracious purposes

H. G. G.

In Argentina, "A Land of Hope."

HE Son of God goes forth to war." Does He call for reinforcements in Argentina? Is it there that He would have us follow in His train?

No cry of anguish reaches us from that fair land; no tale of famine or of pestilence; we scarcely know the story of its downtrodden and degraded native race; that is not our problem yet. On the surface, the Argentina of which we hear appeals not so much to our compassion as to our love of enterprise, our hope.

There in that Land of the Rising Sun, is a nation with the buoyancy of youth in its veins; there is a wide stretch of country ten times as large as our own; there are riches in soil, in mines, in cattle, in men; there is a home for our race, a land of the future, a source of wealth to the world—is it not also a kingdom worthy of conquest in the Name of our LORD?

Can we grasp its significance, those of us who have never travelled so far? If figures make any impression, here are some. When the last census was taken, 21,701,526 head of cattle, 74,379,562 sheep, 4,930,228 horses, and 2,748,860 goats were grazing upon Argentina's pampas and mountain slopes; every year enormous quantities of beef and mutton



A STACK OF ARGENTINE WHEAT.

are frozen for exportation to Europe, as well as many thousands of tons of wool, skin and hides; and this trade leaves Argentina's most valuable product untouched. Her annual output in grain bids fair to exceed that of Canada and Australia—it seems as though she might supply the staff of life to the world. In 1906, she exported 2,400,000 tons of wheat and 2,500,000 tons of maize; yet only ten per cent. of the 240,000,000 of acres of available wheat land has been put under cultivation. The rest waits for the redemptive work of the harrow and plough, and these widespread plains, for the most part flat as the proverbial pancake, demand men—

“Men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done, but earnest of the things that they would do.”—

These are the men for which Argentina calls and from nearly every country in Europe the human tide is now flowing swiftly towards her shores.

In 1904, the republic received 161,000 immigrants; in 1907, 213,000—a number exceeded by 153,000 in the previous year. Its total population now amounts to over five millions, as many as inhabited the England of Cromwell's time, but Argentina might absorb the whole of our present population and still have room for more. She is a Land of To-morrow,

she has not reached her full strength to-day. Scarcely a century has elapsed since she roused herself to shake off the chains of her Spanish conquerors and set herself to the task of acquiring "the high character of a free nation." Only then did she begin the struggle which continued for years until, from political chaos, there emerged the admirable constitution which won Gladstone's praise; and only then did she enter upon the controversies which at last secured those liberties of press, worship and conscience which make Argentina a fitting home for the free. The question arises—what will they make of it, these peoples who are coming in to possess the land? Amongst the immigrants, Italians outnumber the rest, but Welsh, Russians, Turks, French, Austrians, Germans, Danes and English are also there. Some of these nationalities form little colonies of their own, but the children of settlers, being born and brought up in the country, are called Argentines and are proud of the fact, as a rule speaking only Spanish in later life. They are all united in the hard task of making the earth yield its treasure, for in this new land riches and even comfort are still in the hands of the few.

"With all its actual wealth," writes Dr. Francis E. Clark, "Argentina is still largely

A COUNTRY OF POSSIBILITIES.

As compared with our own prairie states of Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, its development has but just begun. There you see not only vast fields of corn and wheat, but thousands of comfortable farmhouses, tree-shaded villas, thriving towns with churches, schools and court-houses.

"Here you strain your aching, dust-filled eyes to get a glimpse of anything besides herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Away off in the distance, after gazing through the window of the flying train for half-an-hour, perhaps, you see a single house that is worthy of the name, surrounded by trees and gardens. In the same distance you would see a hundred such homes in Iowa and Kansas. This solitary house is on an *estancia* or gigantic farm, occupied for a few weeks of the year by the wealthy owner, who lives for the rest of the twelve months in some palace of Buenos Aires."

Not for one moment when we think of Argentina, must we forget Buenos Aires, the most fascinating and beautiful city under the Southern Cross. With its busy streets and gay thronging multitudes, it is in reality the Paris of the New World, and follows its prototype closely, both in science and fashion. On December 31st, 1907, this great capital contained 1,126,458 people, an increase of nearly 43,000 in twelve months, and more than one-fifth of Argentina's total population. Its wealth is enormous. "More millionaires live in Buenos Aires than in any other city of the world of its size, if that is an enviable distinction, and from the prices charged for every-



THE AVENIDA DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES.

thing, from a house lot to a shoestring, one would seem to need to be a millionaire to live there for any length of time."

This city of wealth and magnificence has developed with marvellous rapidity during the past fifteen years, but not for grandeur alone is it significant. Buenos Aires is Argentina's capital in a unique and special sense: in it all streams of influence take their rise, and its power extends to the furthest limits of the Republic. Since then Buenos Aires is both the source and centre of the national life, how imperative it is that she should lead this rising nation into paths of righteousness. Unfortunately every traveller confirms the impression that the millions who throng this gay capital of the New World are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Its Sunday is "continental" in the extreme; everywhere excitements abound, and the day is devoted to recreation of many varied kinds. The opera is open—and even the auction room—and out in the famous Palermo Park races are held, where men, women, and children put their money on horses and go wild with excitement as they see their favourites win.* And in the churches, those magnificent churches, what may be seen?

One of our Missionaries writes:—"The feast-day was that of Santa Lucia, a saint whose large and beautiful church is quite near the street in which we live in Buenos Aires. We found the interior in darkness, except for hundreds of candles, giving a most suggestive "dim religious light." But it was so crowded that we almost despaired of getting to the other end, and when we did, what a sea of heads was visible from the altar steps! What were the people doing? Beside the many shrines lit with candles, there was a figure, very beautifully dressed, of Santa Lucia, who is supposed to have

MIRACULOUS POWER

in weakness of the eyes, and around it the people were surging in such a crowd that a man and a young girl stood on either side, and received the handkerchiefs from the people, and returned them when they had touched the *dress* of the saint, in order that they might be placed on the eyes. Those whom we saw doing this were, of course, quite well, but it was probably regarded as a preventive measure. There was also a tiny figure of the same image in a glass case, and the anxiety to touch this seemed almost greater. We could not get near it. Mothers rubbed their handkerchiefs on the *glass* and then on their babies' eyes! Old men and women were crowding to it, as well as the middle-aged and young. Inside and outside of that church it was like a fair! One cannot over-estimate the power and influence of these things."

*See "Argentina, the Land of To-morrow," by Robert F. Elder.

This brief description alone is sufficient to reveal the dark shadow lying over the nation's awakening life. Spain, compelled to relax her greedy grasp upon Argentina's destinies, left it behind as legacy, and still Romanism encourages the superstitions of the credulous, and urges its votaries to press forward in a vain attempt to purchase Heaven.

How Argentina needs "Luther's broom," the preaching of that creating word which made first the Reformer and then the Reformation. "The just shall live by faith"—would that Argentina believed it that she might rejoice in freedom of spirit and eternal life! At present, she is rapidly losing confidence in her State Church, and is in peril of becoming a nation without hope in God.

We are told that already the proportion of true Catholics is surprisingly small, for "the Roman Church has, by its superstitions and exactions, and its lax morality, alienated the great majority of the men of the republic. 'To-day we are Liberals'; 'we are free-thinkers'; 'we are anti-clericals'; 'we are atheists'; rather than 'we are Catholics' is their confession, although in many instances these declarations are not made publicly, since it does not pay to offend the Church. At the same time, the hostility and the contempt that is generally felt towards the clergy is freely expressed. It was complained by one clerical speaker at a recent conference of the clergy of the Roman Church in Buenos Aires, that so unsatisfactory and little to be envied had become their position as priests, that nowadays they were not safe from insult on the streets of the city. And the resentment and indignation so forcibly expressed by the lower classes are far from being unshared by those in a better position, although they would not, of course, stoop to give such an expression to their feelings."

This, then, is the state of the city, and consequently, through its influence, the condition of the plains. In the Church, Mary in the place of power, JESUS CHRIST neglected or unknown; and amongst the masses outside, atheism, agnosticism and free-thought, with all these imply of license and moral wrong. How we ought to deplore this state of things, for let it not be forgotten, this is a land where the Gospel may be preached as freely as in our own. Yet this is a land which knows not CHRIST, in the purity of His life and the power of His great sacrifice—therefore, a land in which He must be proclaimed.

* * *

Let us rejoice that the door is open and the work begun. Amongst Argentina's Protestant missionaries may be found representatives of several branches of the Christian Church—if only it were possible to add to their numbers all would be well. The R.B.M.U. has twenty-two workers engaged in the



AT CORONEL SUAREZ, ONE OF THE ARGENTINE STATIONS OF THE R.B.M.U.—A GATHERING OF THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION WITH THE PASTOR, THE REV. W. ROBERTS, AND HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

province of Buenos Aires, a province as large as France. They occupy five camp towns, four on the Southern Railway—Las Flores, Tandil, Tres Arroyos, and Coronel Suarez—and Campana, on the Rosario Railway to the north-west. The populations of these centres vary from five to twelve thousand, but all round them lie vast districts where the people are scattered—for the most part endeavouring to meet the hard strain of life without GOD. Tandil, for instance, contains 12,000 people, but the *partido* or district of the same name is said to have 30,000—a sufficient parish indeed for one missionary. In a few other towns in the same province, Christian work is being carried on, but *very many remain where the Gospel has never been preached*. Therefore, we are not satisfied with the present condition of our work: it must be extended. New workers are needed, ready to press on with heroism through a long series of monotonous days, since in this field, at any rate, missionary labours are not tinged by romance.

School-teaching—how wearing it is to an ardent evangelist—and yet every station has its day as well as Sunday School. Preaching to small congregations; sowing seed plentifully and only occasionally on good ground; mixing with various nationalities, and overcoming racial prejudices; always meeting the opposition of the Church of Rome; and of socialists, of the "red" order, scorning the *evangelicos* as fools—these are the daily tasks of the Argentine missionary. They are the shadows throwing the sunshine into strong relief. For in each of these five camp towns to-day there is a Christian centre; a group of sterling Church members ready to endure for the sake of their LORD; to put a Christian conscience into their daily work; to go out and testify in the regions beyond. In four of these towns the Mission possesses

EXCELLENT CHAPELS

and mission-houses, towards which generous gifts have been received from the church members and other friends of the missionaries; and at Tandil, where a permanent building is still needed, contributions are coming in.

How we wish that we might enter into the stories that lie behind these achievements—stories revealing the steadfast labours of earnest women and men. We will only mention one name—that of George Graham, whose life at Las Flores ended four years ago, but whose influence still lives in many parts of the Argentine, through those whom he taught to know GOD. Yet he did nothing remarkable—he just toiled on. First, gathering a little band of believers around him, and teaching school; then, as the work extended, collecting funds, and superintending the building of the beautiful house and chapel which now adorn the town. Just as it was completed his call came; and others have entered into the labours which he loved to the end.



A PAINTING CLASS FOR THE LADIES OF LAS FLORES, CONDUCTED BY MRS. EDWARDS OF THE R.B.M.U

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life." To-day, Argentina calls aloud for faithful workers; another man, at least, ought to be added to the staff on each of our stations. The call of the wide districts around them is constantly heard, but how can it be answered without men?

And if the scattered populations of the plains need our help, what can we say of the city of Buenos Aires? We have alluded to its magnificence, to its godlessness, to its Church, but we have not mentioned its poor. They are there, living in *conventillos*, those courtyards surrounded by buildings one or two stories high, where perhaps a hundred families live, each occupying a single room. These are the people over whom the hearts of our missionaries yearn; amongst them, Miss Smith, a most skilful and fully qualified nurse, is establishing a work somewhat similar to that carried on at Bromley Hall; and in one of these *conventillos*, Don Perfecto Marsili lives, the ardent native evangelist who was led into the Light when Mr. and Mrs. Strachan were leading our mission in Buenos Aires, and who has ever since radiated the heavenly gift far and wide. The very thought of that one saved life and its influence makes our workers long to put forth their full strength in Buenos Aires. Let it not be imagined that Protestantism is unrepresented amongst its masses; several Christian agencies and a number

of independent workers are rendering most excellent service, but since it still contains densely-populated districts where the Gospel has never been preached, a place waits that the R.B.M.U. ought to fill. We conclude by a glance at the actual situation as explained by Dr. Harry Guinness.

"What is needed for the pulsating heart of the splendid Argentine Republic, is a work somewhat similar in character to the McCall Mission in Paris, save that it should possess a true Church membership of its own. In what one might call an East-End district of the city, some of our missionaries have already done splendid work, but in premises which have since passed from our hands. The mission founded by George Smith and subsequently carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Strachan, was most valuable and successful, and we should have much liked to continue it. But two difficulties were in the way. First, we felt that we were not in the best centre for permanent operations. We wished to be where none others were engaged in Gospel work, to be true to our name, and go to the regions beyond. And, secondly, we felt strongly drawn at that juncture to take up work in the important town of Tandil. It was therefore decided, after prayerful consultation on the occasion of my visit to Buenos Aires in 1904, that our



THE CHURCH AND MISSION HOUSE ERECTED AT TRES ARROYOS BY THE REV. ROBERT EIDER AND HIS CONGREGATION



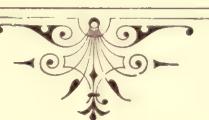
IN A CONVENTILLO, BUENOS AIRES.

free school must be given up and the Church members temporarily cared for by a valued native worker on our mission staff, Don Perfecto Marsili, who would gather them into his humble Mission Hall until such time as, in the providence of GOD, we might be able to appoint Robert Elder to take up city work in a neighbourhood where we should be the only Protestant Gospel Mission.

" We believe that the time has now arrived and are hoping this year (D.V.) to take the first step towards establishing ourselves in the busy, needy district of Boedo. Miss Smith and her sister are preparing to settle down in a new Nursing Home in the neighbourhood, and on the return of Mr. Elder to Buenos Aires, after his deputation tour in the Australasian Colonies, we hope that a strong Gospel work will be founded and carried on. Mr. Elder has gained all the experience needed to make this effort, together with a good knowledge of the language, during his first period of service at Tres Arroyos, and now he is ready to settle down when the LORD shall open the door. One great difficulty attaches to the acquisition of a suitable centre. Land is terribly dear, and in many parts of the city has doubled in value during recent years. We shall need £3,000 to buy a site and begin the work in temporary premises, and eventually considerably more to build a suitable Gospel Hall. Towards this sum we have about £1,000. Surely in the LORD's Name someone will clear the way. We have the workers trained, experienced, ready; the vast city lies before us, many districts wholly untouched by the Gospel of CHRIST. Would not someone like to undertake the noble work of originating a mission in this most important strategic centre of population? No one can calculate the blessing to multitudes involved in this step. Will not someone take it, that our LORD may be glorified and His work done? "

**" The Son of God goes forth to war;
Who follows in His train? "**

MARGARET E. RAE.





A GROUP OF THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION AT TANDIL, WITH THE REV. H. AND MRS. STRACHAN.



In Argentina—Do they need us?

SOME say, when we talk of Argentina, "They are satisfied with their religion, they do not want you," but whilst we admit that the latter part of the statement is on the whole true, the former is decidedly incorrect. *Unfortunately, they do not want the Gospel, but they are not satisfied.* Did we want electric power before we knew of it? Let us remember the old saint, who, finding himself in "a strange city" eagerly scanned the faces of the passers-by. "Ah," he said, "they do not love me because they do not know me." That precisely explains the case. Let me tell you a story.

The Señora Maria, an Argentine lady of good family, an educated, intelligent woman, and a devout Catholic, had passed through exceptionally severe trials. She was not able to bear up under them and began to fear that she might fall a prey to the hereditary insanity of her family. Knowing her danger, and having enemies quite capable of placing her under restraint, her condition of mind can be more easily imagined than described; and when she sought to find comfort and strength in her religion, she failed, although she sought it earnestly and with tears. Do not imagine that she prayed to images and pictures—she was too enlightened for that—indeed, she had often gone the length of thinking that the money they cost should have been given to the poor. "No," she said, "I cried continually to God Himself to speak to me, to let me know that He heard my cry. I thought that if I could only be sure of that, I should be perfectly happy; but He did not answer." And so the days went by.

At the time, Señora Maria had in her house as caretakers a man and his wife, who had been recently converted. One day she asked Doña Nicanora what they did in *el culto*, and what it was like. The latter could only answer: "They speak of JESUS, and the poor go there."

The lady continued her daily attendance at Church, until one day, being in an agony of prayer, she besought God to have mercy and speak to her. "Suddenly," she told us afterwards, "a voice spoke in my ear, so plainly that I almost turned to see who was near, and I heard the message, 'Get up and leave this place.' I was amazed, incredulous, it could not be; but again came the voice, 'Rise up and leave this place.' Then I said,

'Oh, LORD, Thou knowest I would never leave Thy house except at Thy bidding, and Thou knowest I am seeking Thee.' I got up slowly to leave, but, oh, *señora*, you can never understand what I felt as I went—the sense of loss, the thought of leaving all that I had, and all I knew—and for what? If I could not find God in His own House, where should I find Him? But then Nicanora's words came back to me. 'They speak of JESUS, and the poor go there.' Well, I thought, the Saviour was always with the poor when He was on the earth—perhaps it is the same to-day. *Quién sabe!* I will ask Nicanora if they will let me in to the *culto*. The first time that I heard the preaching I felt my search was being rewarded, and soon I found God, and he spoke to me and taught me to speak to Him. You know all the rest, *señora*, but I can never tell what a wonderful change it has been to me.'

That dear woman was saved, and though trials are still heavy upon her, she is a very bright Christian indeed.

Do they need the Gospel? Let this glimpse into a life-story—one of many—be a sufficient reply. And since they need us we must go on, in



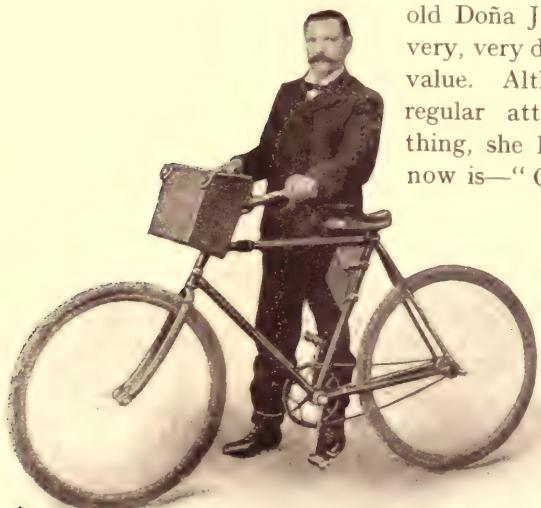
SOME OF THE WOMEN WHO ATTEND MRS. COOK'S CLASS AT CAMPANA, ANOTHER R.B.M.U. STATION.

spite of monotony and dull routine, for those who delight in the romance of the mission field would find little to charm them in Argentine life.

One of our missionaries, before going out, used to imagine that she would spend most of her time in going about visiting women, with her Bible always under her arm. Later on, when she had three babies and a *servienta* to look after—and the last not less than the first—she was able to smile at the fond delusion. But did she get any missionary work done? Oh, yes, and I am inclined to think more than she might have accomplished in the other way. The missionary's home ought to be a very powerful witness for CHRIST, since in Argentina a true home-life is unknown. The children are neither trained nor controlled; on the contrary, the children rule when they are small, and never learn to do anything but please themselves.

But how delightful it is to watch the homes of people change under the influence of the Gospel; to see order, cleanliness and brightness take the place of the squalor which reigned before; to know that the Bible is read and hymns sung, and the LORD's blessing sought on the meals. This is the greatest testimony to those around, and it does not go unobserved. On one occasion a woman said of her husband, who had professed conversion, "Oh, yes, he says he is converted, but I don't think he is *del todo* (altogether), because he does many things yet that the others do not do." That woman scarcely had any real knowledge of what the Gospel demands, but she had seen the lives of some of the Christians and was quick to realize that the standard was one to which her husband had not attained.

At Tandil, we have a wonderful saint in dear old Doña Josefa. She is very, very ignorant and very, very deaf, but a spiritual asset of the highest value. Although frail in health, there is no more regular attendant at the meetings; yet, poor thing, she hears next to nothing, and her prayer now is—"GOD bless the Pastor that I may be able to hear him." Dear old body! Years ago, when she was learning to pray in public, it cost her hard work. Being a native of Vasconia, a province of Spain, she speaks a dialect, and finds difficulty in making herself understood in Spanish. She would begin bravely and go on for a sentence or two—then a full-stop



SEÑOR BRASILE, A NATIVE EVANGELIST OF THE R.B.M.U.



"NOT UNTO US."

DON PERFECTO.

and a great sigh. "No puedo más" (I cannot do any more). Then on she would go again for another sentence or two, and again stop, saying this time—"May the brethren forgive me, I have no more words." Soon, however, she learned a prayer, which has been abundantly answered. "LORD, give me words to speak to Thee." Now she prays beautifully, and others who were shy have taken courage by her example and launched forth.

That dear old woman, although far from well, recently walked a distance of over six miles, distributing tracts and speaking wherever she found a chance.

In some places she even sang hymns in her old croaking voice that has not the faintest harmony in its tones. But there was music in Heaven that day, and the angels were not making it all.

Yes, these people need the Gospel, even when they think they do not want our help.

In Don Perfecto's *conventillo*, in Buenos Aires, a nice little woman lives, who, having found the SAVIOUR, was very desirous that her husband should also know Him. She went to Don Perfecto, and asked his help, and that same Sunday afternoon he sent for the old man. But Don Juan was suspicious. "What does Don Perfecto want me for? I owe him no rent. I won't go." "Oh yes, do," said his wife, "You don't know what he wants." Finally, the man took up his hat and went, followed by his wife. After a pleasant greeting, Don Perfecto invited him inside, and then quickly shut the door and took his hat, saying—"Don Juan, it's quite time you were *convertido*." Oh no, Don Juan did not think so. He would come back next week, next Sunday, any time, but not then, he really must go then. "No, no," said Don Perfecto, "you've got your head full of ideas that you must get rid of. You need to be converted. We're going to pray for you right now. Get down on to your knees." And they all knelt down; Don Perfecto and his wife, Don Juan and his wife, and another helper.

For two hours they prayed steadily on, and Don Juan made no sign—indeed, the wonder is that he stayed there on his knees. At the end of that time, Don Perfecto began to be in despair, and he asked GOD that if there was any impediment in the man's life, or if His time to save him had not come, to give them a sign. The sign he asked for was that they might rise spontaneously, and it was granted, but, like Gideon, he was far from satisfied. This time he thought it might be better to change the scene of

operations, so he asked them all to go into the bedroom behind. Now that bedroom contains four beds, and various other articles of furniture, leaving very little room for visitors. However, in the square yard or so between the beds, they knelt again. They prayed on for an hour, but no sign; for another hour and still there was no change. "Then I prayed a beautiful prayer," tells Don Perfecto in his simple way. "I forgot everything—the beds, the people, and everything. I was seeing God and talking straight to Him. 'LORD,' I said, 'it's time this man was converted,' and the LORD said to me, 'Yes, it is time.' At that moment a great thrill went through me, and the next Don Juan had jumped to his feet crying for mercy." And soon that little company was rejoicing together over another soul brought into the Kingdom.

After three years of walking in the Light, old Don Juan recently passed away. His end was triumphant and his dying testimony was blessed to the conversion of others, including his own son. How curious such a change appears to outsiders. It is so hard for these people to understand that religion can have any practical bearing on the daily life. What does it matter how they live if only they confess to the priest at fairly regular intervals; and if they can somehow manage to pay for *misas*, at last they will be greatly blessed, and their sojourn in *el purgatorio* all the shorter. "If the light that is in them be darkness, how great is that darkness?"

* * *

In Argentina—do they need us? Come with me for a moment and watch this procession as it wends its way through the streets: It is Good Friday, and CHRIST is dead. Here come the leaders with their brave silken banners, two files of boys pacing slowly on to the slow music of the band away back. Group after group pass on with their distinctive badges, boys, girls and women—not so many men—and then a funeral car draped in black, with a glass coffin containing the dead CHRIST—an image, ghastly and waxen. Priests follow, and more "orders" with banners, and then a gorgeous image of the Virgin, beautifully adorned, with a jewelled crown, carried shoulder-high by six *señoritas*. Some more "orders" and banners and the procession has passed. What does it teach the people filling the streets? A dead CHRIST, coffined; and the Virgin—one might almost say the living Virgin—carried in the place of pride! Do not these people need the living and loving SAVIOUR? Are not some of them living in open sin? Others—many others—are weary and heavy-laden. You can see it in their faces as they follow the dead CHRIST. Oh, if they only knew that He lives and loves them! If they could only enter into His peace.

H. S. STRACHAN.



A FRANCISCAN FRIAR.



Our Parish in Peru.

THREE distinct regions and three distinct peoples form our parish in Peru. The Republic is divided by nature into three parallel parts—the Coast, the Sierra or Mountains, and the Montaña, a term invariably used to describe the tropical valleys on the eastern slopes of the Andes and the great forest lands drained by the head waters of the Amazon.

The distribution of races roughly follows these natural divisions; the larger cities and centres of Peruvian culture are found in the coast region; the Indian clings to his ancient home in the mountains; and the Savage still roams at large in the vast virgin forests of the Montaña.

The term “Peruvian” is applied, not to the original inhabitants of the country, but to the descendants of their Spanish conquerors, and corresponds exactly to the term “American,” as used in the Northern Continent. The Indian, on the other hand, is the true heir of the soil, and represents the remnant of the once mighty empire of the Incas. The savage, a totally distinct type, has known no culture save that of nature; leads no settled life; but roams from place to place in search of the game that falls to his bow and arrows.

Four hundred years ago, Pizarro tore the golden image of the Sun from the walls of its Temple, Coricancha, and Cuzco—the City of the Sun—became the City of the Cross. He planted his new capital by the shores of the Rimac, and throughout the length and breadth of the empire the priestly emissaries of the Cross went forth, conquering and to conquer. The Inquisition was established; nameless deeds of blood and cruelty were perpetrated under the shadow of the new religion, and the Children of the Sun became the Slaves of the Cross—or perished. Now, for well-nigh four hundred years, the Cross has been supreme in Peru. On every hill-top it stands, and on the roof-tree of every mountain home. No road or trail is too lonely or unfrequented to have its wayside Cross, and poor indeed is the hut that cannot display the sacred emblem on its smoke-blackened walls. But, alas!—as in the days of our LORD—the Cross is an emblem of degradation, and one may well ask

WHAT HAS ROME DONE FOR THE CONQUERORS?

For not in England, where the modifying influence of Protestantism is widespread, do we see Romanism in its essentials, but in such a land as poor Peru. There the apostate Church has been untrammelled in its working, and we can test the results of four hundred years of ecclesiastical rule.

(1) By the Confessional, Rome has destroyed the sanctity of the home and the purity of womanhood. Across the hearth falls the black shadow of the priest, and every husband knows that the innermost thoughts of the woman he loves, and their most sacred relationships, are laid bare to the prying eyes and impure questionings of the man who holds heart and conscience in his unclean grasp. His daughters are polluted before they reach womanhood by the filthy questions addressed to them by the priest under cover of the Confessional.

(2) The moral sense, especially among the uneducated classes, has been well-nigh destroyed by Rome's teaching concerning sin. Indulgences can be bought for a few pence, or by kissing the toe of an image, or by repeating a prayer before a saint, or by taking part in a procession. What conception of sin can any people have who are taught that it may be expiated by such trifling? Outward ceremonial takes the place of inward purity, and religion has little or no connection with morals.

(3) This bold reign of superstition and evil has inevitably driven the thinking classes to infidelity. The thoughtful man says: "If this is religion, I want none of it. If the God you worship is a Being who takes pleasure in this foolery, whose priests are the vilest of the vile, and whose religion is opposed to light and truth and progress, then He is nothing to me—I will believe in no such God." The result then is that you have the womanhood, and therefore the motherhood, of the country crushed under the heel of a corrupt priesthood, and the manhood of the country driven into the darkness of infidelity in their rebellion against a false religion.

So much for the conquerors ; and

WHAT HAS ROME DONE FOR THE CONQUERED ?

What of the Indian ? His case is even more pitiable. Once the child of the Sun, the heir of a wonderful civilization and culture—free, virtuous, happy—he is now a slave in his own land, born to misery and oppression. Ignorant, superstitious and spiritless, he stands a monument to Rome's debasing influence upon the peoples she governs. With a free hand to work her will and produce her fruits in this people, during nearly four hundred years, she has destroyed all that was good in them and developed only the evil, till to-day they are incomparably lower—morally, mentally and physically—than they were beneath the beneficent sway of the Inca.



A STREET PROCESSION IN CUZCO.

And the Savage, what of him ? Wild, untamed and unreached, he is still beyond the blighting influence of Rome, but he may not long remain thus unfettered. Commerce is turning her attention to the Amazon's vast forest lands. Syndicates are being formed to develop their natural resources, and steamers are being built on these almost unknown rivers. Now that the Congo is well-nigh bled to death, rubber must be found elsewhere, and the vast virgin forests of South America will soon supply the rubber markets of the world. What of the savage then ? Will those provinces become a second Congo ? God forbid ! But our responsibility is plain, and the call of God is clear to enter those regions with the light of the Gospel ere the superstitions of Rome, or the evils of commerce, render our task more difficult by a hundred-fold.

A. STUART McNAIRN.

The Pioneers of Protestantism.

NO mission field that I ever saw or heard of seems to me so full of unique interest as this old Inca Empire. . . . The possibilities of the field, as well as its difficulties, appear as colossal as the Andes."

So writes Dr. Thomas Wood, who for nearly twenty years has laboured in Peru.

A new world is South America, immature as yet, but full of hope, ambition, and power. A new race is this Latin-American people, with blood of Spanish Dons mingling with that of extinct Indian races in their veins, and with political ideals borrowed from France and America moulding their Republics. The problem of modern Peru is the problem of Roman Catholicism and its offspring—rank materialism. Until lately the Peruvian Republic has been a child ; now it is springing into manhood with astonishing speed, and its whole future hangs in the balance when Roman Catholicism and Protestantism meet. Missionary success at the present crisis in Peru will be epoch-making.

Not much longer will the South American continent lie largely unknown in the far south-western seas ; its immense wheat-producing plains will supply the world with bread ; its mines will make millionaires ; and its Amazonian forests will be the greatest rubber-market on the earth. In each of these departments, Peru will be of considerable importance : but no Roman Catholic land has ever retained world-wide greatness. Our Peruvian missionaries are in the very centre of a battle, the result of which will be the making or the marring of a republic.

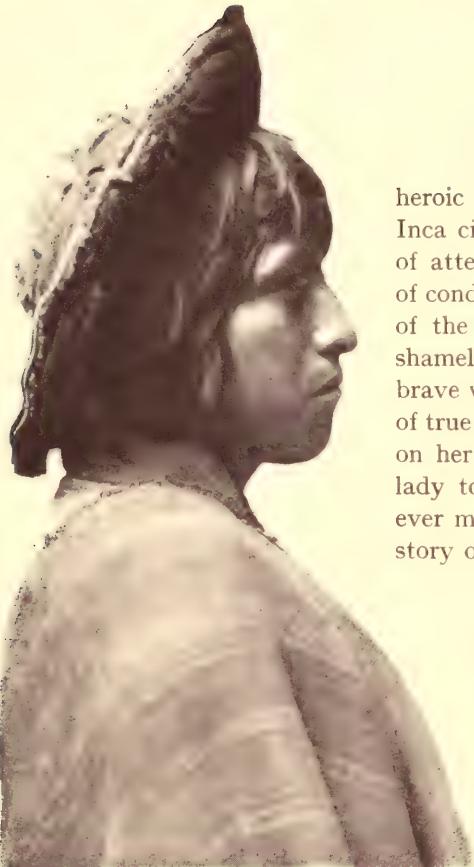
In the history of Protestant missions in Peru, the missionary has ever been the fulcrum upon which the lever of religious liberty has worked. In 1888, Penzotti, a noble American colporteur, was imprisoned for eight months with the lowest of this earth's criminals—the victim of Casas Matas, the prison of Callao. A few years previously, José Mongiardino had been basely murdered on a lonely road in the Andes. In 1894, Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Peters were driven from Cuzco at twenty-four hours' notice. Even in 1903, Bibles were burned, and colporteurs were shot at and stoned. But the lever has moved, surely, if slowly, and the Romish Church in its unscrupulous attacks upon the missionaries has unconsciously driven Peru in the direction of

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

The history of what has already been done to meet the needs described in our parish in Peru, is an introductory part of the story of the campaign against Romanism there. Papists held the land itself, not merely its citadel. It was once well-nigh impossible to live within its borders, let alone to commence warfare. But the attack was braved, and step by step CHRIST's soldiers have advanced—cautiously, fearlessly and prayerfully. The foremost have often fallen : Robert Lodge was laid to rest in the first missionary grave on the Andes ; Harry Backhouse was called Home after a short, strenuous and successful fight in Lima ; noble Will Newell served his Master in death, and his grave and its precious memories are still a power for good in distant Cuzco. Some lines of the story are heart-breaking, but the advance has been made, and now the ranks of Protestantism have gained the summit, have surrounded the citadel, and its siege is about to begin.

Twenty years ago there was no foreign missionary in Peru ; to-day, the fight has not been won—in some senses it has hardly commenced—but we have gained the ground from which to fight. Public opinion has been modified ; the support of political power has been gained ; the first furious raids of fanaticism have been withstood, and the first churches have been formed. The elementary stage of the work seems to be over, and we are looking to our Leader to do great things in the coming years.

Space forbids us to narrate the detailed story of how this has been accomplished. That missionary history tells of patient work in Lima, Peru's great capital, with its two thousand or more University students ; its fanatical and fashionable ladies ; its wealthy foreign colonies ; its sin-stricken palaces and alleys ; its forty thousand Chinese immigrants, with their opium-dens, temples and gambling saloons ; its stalwart negro population ; its mingling politicians and paupers. It tells of the heart-breaking and



“NOT UNTO US.”

heroic fight at Cuzco, the centre of the ancient Inca civilization—a story of typhoid and death ; of attempts at murder and of constant danger ; of conditions of life too terrible to describe—results of the filthy, undrained state of the city, and the shamelessly immoral lives of its people ; of the brave work of lady nurses ; of the first baptisms ; of true native Christians ; of the heroic stand made on her deathbed by the first baptized *Cuzqueño* lady to enter the Glory-land. No romance was ever more full of life and love and tears, than this story of missionary work in Cuzco. It tells also of the attempted work at Trujillo,—GOD-inspired, difficult beyond our powers of conception, only partially successful, but full of promise when at last abandoned through lack of reinforcements. It tells of the strenuous fight at Arequipa, in touch with the heart of Rome, and exposed to the full force of her hatred ; of a dangerous political contest ; of the wiles of the Church, and of the victories of a few brave native followers of CHRIST.

AN INCA INDIAN YOUTH.

It finally tells of an effort made to reach the Inca Indians ; the silent sufferers who live around Cuzco on the Sierra—who bow to the yoke of every unscrupulous priest, merchant and judge, and have no friend to protest on their behalf ; who are ready to give their all in gratitude for any small act of kindness, but know not that we have a far greater gift which we fain would give them ; for these children of the Incas have never heard of the SAVIOUR of the World.*

Of the Indian farm-scheme ; of our missionary-farming expert ; of beautiful “Urco”—a most valuable estate—and the friend who loaned us £3,000 to buy it ; of the first little Indian child adopted by the missionaries ; of the native Christian who first read the Bible in Quechua to the Indians of the Andes—of all these things the story of the mission tells. As we glance through its pages our hearts go out in deep thankfulness to Him who has led the way, and we once more face the unique difficulties of the field, ready to endure, “as seeing Him who is invisible.”

GERALDINE GUINNESS.

*Further particulars concerning these people will be given in a book entitled, “The Land of the Incas,” by Geraldine Guinness, to be published in the course of this year by the Regions Beyond Missionary Union.



The Prospect.

WHATEVER she may have accomplished in other parts of the world, in Peru, Rome is an utter failure.

The religion which she brought to the land of the Incas was “the bigoted and bitter Romanism of the dark middle ages—intensified by the Inquisition.”*

She deliberately compromised with idolatry, yet remained unconscious that its influence was surely debasing and re-paganizing her.

Upon paganism she built up a monstrous scheme of fanaticism and superstition, having somewhat the same phraseology as Christianity, but the opposite effect upon life and character. Large tracts of the Republic she has left until the present time, as pagan as they were four hundred years ago.

Rome has failed to give the Gospel of JESUS CHRIST. Protestant Missions are therefore needed as much in Peru as in Persia or Peshawur. In viewing the facts of the past twenty years of Christian enterprise in this Republic, one may regard the work accomplished as very limited ; the towns occupied as very few ; the interest raised as comparatively small. Yet in a short lifetime, nothing less than a religious and social revolution has taken place in Peru. Only those who have lived through it, can estimate this change ; the pioneers laboured and we are entering into their labours. The Peru of to-day is a completely different field from the Peru of 1888. It is a field full of promise.

Our prospects may be briefly viewed as regards the Peruvians, the Inca Indians, and the Savages.

(I.) The extent of the Pacific Coast of Peru (1,400 miles) makes it impossible to regard the country as one mission-field. Northern Peru, with the large towns of Trujillo, Cajamarca and the populous district of Huaylas ;—Lima, and the towns of Central Peru ;—and the important centres which are connected by the Southern Railway,—are three distinct spheres of labour.

The first is yet to be entered. The second is at present our most important centre of work amongst Peruvians. In Lima, 160,000 people of all nationalities are about us ; hundreds of students are following Huxley, Spencer and Darwin, because we have as yet given them no evangelistic and scientific literature. A press presented for this very work will shortly be on its way to Arequipa, where we hope to establish a distributing centre for literature. All periodicals printed in Peru may be sent through the post free of charge,

*Thomas B. Neely in “South America—A Mission Field.”

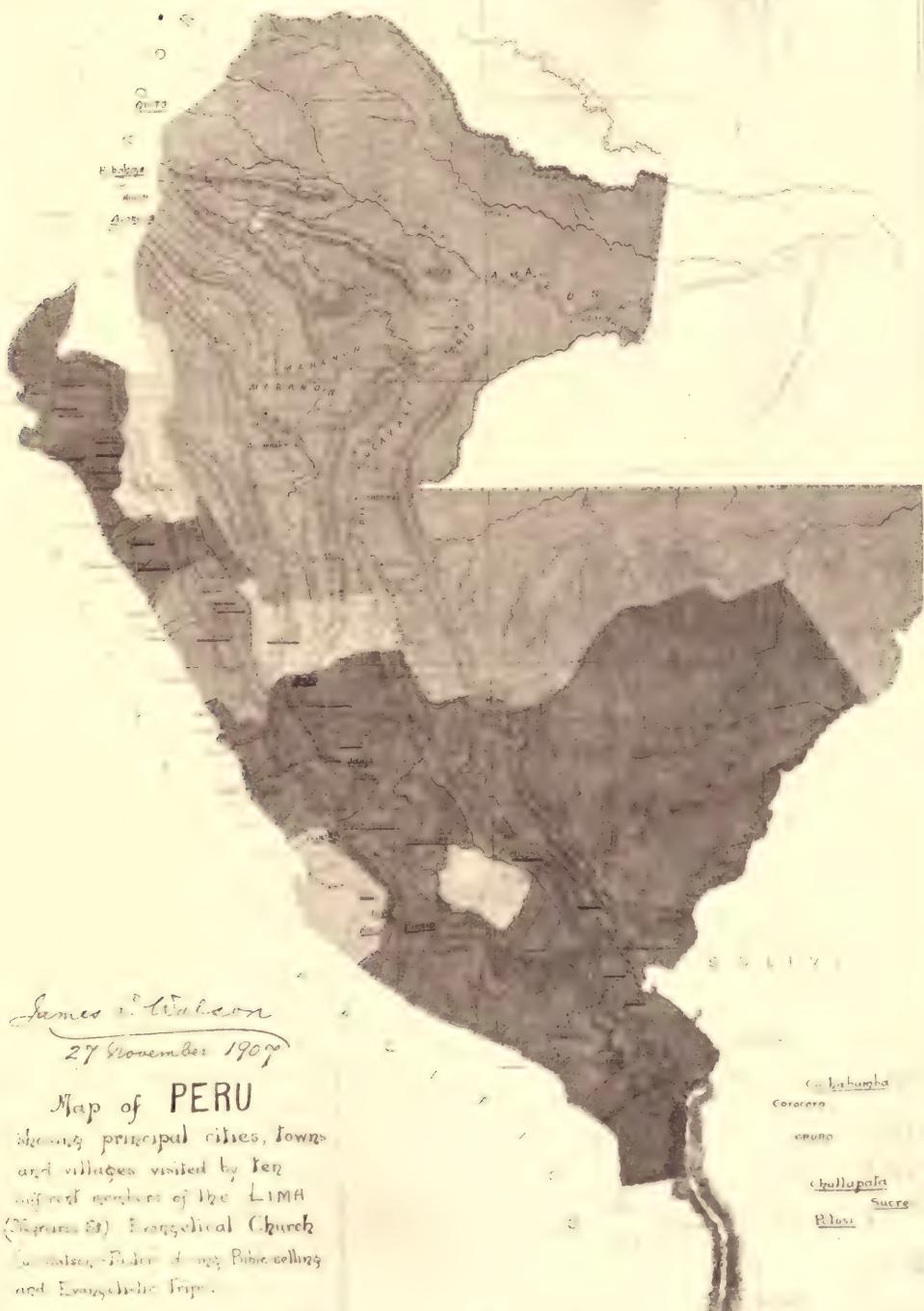


OUR FIRST CHAPEL IN AREQUIPA.

hence this method of propaganda will be economical as well as effective. Peru is flooded with the pamphlets of free-thinkers and Seventh-day Adventists, yet Christian literature suitable for students does not exist. Men to whom God has given the gift of writing are now on the field ; the press is ready to be sent out ; but capital to start the work is needed.

In Southern Peru, a line of stations will probably be occupied ; Mollendo, Arequipa, Puno, Sicuani and Cuzco. From these important centres we shall be able to reach all parts of the Southern Sierra. The nursing work of our lady missionaries has helped, more perhaps than anything else, to open the hearts and homes of these fanatical towns to the Gospel. Medical Mission work and medical tours would be of inestimable value ; even Ayacucho, the town which many say is destined to be Rome's last Peruvian citadel, could be entered by a Protestant doctor ; and there is no class of people with whom we wish to come in contact that will not yield to the influence of skilful charity.

(II.) The next few years will witness, GOD willing, the first success of our Indian scheme. Will our workers be able soon to acquire the difficult Quechua language ? Will employment break down the barrier at present existing between ourselves and the poor Indian ? Will the priests succeed



The places underlined on this map were visited by members of the Lima Evangelical Church, acting as Colporteurs under the British and Foreign Bible Society.

in putting a stop to our work? Shall we be able to gather some Indian children in a little home on the farm? Will it be possible to open a mission centre for the Indians passing through Cuzco? Time only can answer these questions. GOD has guided us very clearly in the past, and we are trusting Him for all that is to come.

(III.) For the Savages of Eastern Peru, we have no help as yet. The Baptist Missionary Society is hoping to commence a work on the Amazon, and gradually to extend its influence up the different tributaries, but it will be hundreds of miles from the Peruvian Montaña.

Rubber-traders are travelling from Cuzco down the Paucartambo, the Marcapata, the Yucayali, and other tropical valleys; but no Protestant missionaries have yet gone forth. Mr. Johnson, an engineer who was employed for some time in the Cuzco Industrial Mission, is now living in the forest lands, and he will endeavour to get in touch with the savages, who, in small nomadic tribes, hunt in the jungle close by his home.

Men are needed to survey this land,—to report upon its possibilities—to go forth determined, at all costs, to enrich their Master—not with red rubber, but with the blood-bought souls of men.

GERALDINE GUINNESS.

"Los Propagandistas."



PERU! A thousand memories revive as I write the word, and old scenes are re-enacted one by one—just as if a cinematograph were representing its missionary life.

We are walking through the museum in the University of Cuzco. A number of students have gathered around Mr. Ritchie, one of our missionaries, and their spokesman says—"You say that the attributes of your GOD are infinite, yet how can one be at the same time infinitely loving and infinitely just? No, *Señor*, your own words are true: we students have no god but matter, and Spencer the prophet of matter!"

* * *

Look again! The valley of the Vilcamayu is sleeping in the mid-day sun; yellow broom scents the dusty road and fields of purple irises delight the eyes of a tired missionary traveller. His saddle bags are still half full of Gospels; in the last town the priest made a bonfire of those he gave away. A clatter of hoofs and a cloud of dust in the distance! Four young men are galloping after him. "*Señor*," they exclaim breathlessly, "have you any copies of the book left? We have never been able to obtain a Bible,

for even in Lima the bookshops do not stock it. But we are seeking the Light, and long to read this book for ourselves."

The precious Word is sown, and perhaps months afterwards the fruit will be discovered in an unlikely place, or perhaps no result whatever will be seen, for the student mind is trained in agnosticism, and hard to reach with the Gospel.

The sunshine of the scene fades into a more sombre light, and we find ourselves in a small white-washed room where a number of Peruvians are gathered. The missionary is looking over the audience earnestly and lovingly. What message shall he give to this strangely assorted group? There are students, smartly dressed, amused and cynical; there are poor women, *manta*-clad, shy and curious; and one or two Indian boys who gaze steadily and intelligently around them.

How can he make the Gospel clear to each of these various classes?

* * *

The scene has changed. We are now with a lady missionary amongst the poor of Peru. Look about you! Here is a low, windowless room, where bedclothes are laid in one corner of the mud floor, and a number of women squat about; on one side sits a beautiful girl, slight and graceful, with lustrous black eyes and a fascinating childish face. I notice her pretty silk blouse, gold rings, and Parisian shoes; they look strange amid these squalid surroundings. What does it mean? This is the story in a few words:—She is just sixteen; last week her eight months old baby died, and she is glad; she



UNIVERSITY STUDENTS, CUZCO.

is not married, and the German father of the baby will never come back to her.

Listen ! The girl from Doric Lodge is singing :—

" Hay una fuente sagrada
Que mi Jesús abrió ;
En ella mi alma bañada,
Sus manchas limpias vió."

(There is a sacred fountain
Which Jesus opens for me ;
My soul washing in it
Beholds its stains cleansed.)

Three children have toddled close to her, and the old woman sitting on the floor is straining forward to catch every word of the hymn. There are tears in the girl's eyes, and her gushing words of appreciation and thanks cover more reality than usual, for next night we catch sight of her sweet face, swathed in a black *manta*, amongst the little crowd which gathers in the meeting room.

* * *

Other scenes rise before us. It is nearly midnight, and the narrow, cobbled streets of Cuzco are chequered with bright moonlight and inky shadows. A few moments ago the lady missionary was awakened by stones at the window, and now she is fearlessly following an unknown man into a dark house to minister there to a needy woman. The sufferer lies in a corner of a large unlit room, dirty and empty of furniture. Crowds of neighbours throng around the bed and are hardly induced to move by the earnest broken Spanish words of the nurse who must work in such difficulties.

Morning finds her on the way home, tired and over-strained with the night's responsibility. But the little one who has been given will be called after the Virgin and the English missionary ; the father will read the Gospels left in his poor home ; and the mother will never forget the kindness rendered, strangely enough, by an accursed heretic !

* * *

Look again, for the cinematographic scenes are changing. We are on a country road where a wayside cross stands dark against a distant snow peak. Listen to the drums and Indian flutes, and ceaseless patter of feet ! A strange group stands below the cross : feathered crowns, flowing Spanish wigs, brilliant plush cloaks and parti-coloured trousers, mingle their bright colours as the dancers move. We are witnesses of a religious celebration amongst the Inca Indians. The drunken dance, a remnant of paganism, is in honour of the Unknown GOD, whom the sacred cross represents.

* * *



AN INCA INDIAN GIRL WITH HER CHILD.

The pictures follow one another quickly now: scenes of cruelty to helpless Indians; of brutality to tiny child-slaves; of abuse and neglect and ignorance—just peeps into the home-life of a childlike people; glimpses of their dark, superstitious religious customs. Each of these scenes, as soon as it has taken form, fades into another—always the same—the picture of a beautiful farm. “Urco” is one of the most lovely sites in the most charming

of Peruvian valleys. Its farm-house is built on a spur thrown out from the perpendicular mountain walls of the Vilcamayu valley. The Incas chose the place for residence ; their courtyards and walls of well-cut stones are used to-day as stables ; their terraces, which encircle the farm-house, are sown with maize ; their wonderful aqueducts still water the estate ; but the ruined buildings, which were probably once a monastery and temple of sun-worship, are now deserted, and a Protestant missionary is examining the great stone where offerings of *chicha* were poured out by pious travellers as a libation to the gods. The stranger is smiling as he traces the rocky channel by which this wine was conveyed into one of the monastic cells, and moralizes on the universality of human frailty.

"*Viracocha !*" The accustomed greeting floats to him on the fresh mountain air.

"*Tai-tai !*" he responds to the Indian shepherd, who with his little boy is driving the sheep and goats to pasture. There are fourteen other families which belong to the farm, and they all know the kind English visitor.

Carefully the missionary is surveying the estate : its agricultural and pastoral possibilities are magnificent, he says to himself, as he looks down the lovely valley towards Calca, the neighbouring town. Terrace upon terrace, bright with waving maize, stretches below him to the bog where cattle are enjoying themselves, in strange mineral waters which leave their hides yellow and pink and blue. The Vilcamayu River winds its silvery way through the green pastures beyond, and on either side dark cliffs rise sheer to Andean snows. Here is plenteous water, a sheltered valley, and rich soil. From the terraces below, the scents of wild roses, jessamine, and geranium rise, and in one sheltered corner the stranger notices a bamboo thriving.

Next day finds him climbing the steep ascent to the *punas* or elevated plains of "Urco." The farm-house is 7,000 feet above sea-level, but the *punas* are 3,000 or 4,000 feet higher yet. There he may ride for hours, past patches of barley cultivated by the Indians, potato fields, bleak hillsides where the alpaca loves most to graze, and far-stretching pastures which are hired out to the inhabitants of Calca ; he may travel for three days before he shall have seen the extent of "Urco."

"What a farm for a missionary project !" he says to himself.

"Excellent from the business standpoint, as I can judge from my experience in Australia, it will surely bridge the gulf now separating us from the Indians. Those of them who work for us shall be freed from oppression, protected from the priest, and taught to know their SAVIOUR."



ABOVE CUSCO—LOOKING FOR THE FARM.

The last scene we look upon is a quiet study in the homeland. A cablegram is being deciphered. "*Adiestre*"—what does this word signify? For some moments there is an anxious silence, and then a voice reads out: "All arrangements for purchase completed." Yes, thank GOD, to-day "*Urco*" is the property of the R.B.M.U. through a generous loan on the part of a warm friend of the Incas, and within a few months two missionaries and their wives will take up residence on the historic spot.

* * *

Peru! Memories flock in the train of that short word, and not only memories, but also dreams of what shall be.

According to the love and faith of each of us will be our dreams, and the part we shall play in making them real. God has plans for Peru in which we may co-operate if we will. What is His heart's desire?

GERALDINE GUINNESS.

Our Prayer Corps.



N the yellow sand where the ripples murmur, children can seriously build their castles or innocently play without fear. But in the deep waters, even experienced sailors are often at their wits' end, and in desperation cry unto the LORD.

Missionary work is a stern reality, and its superhuman problems and difficulties have driven us to prayer.

In the forefront of the battle, counsel and consideration are to a large extent impossible; that is the place for prompt action. But in the General's tent,—far, it may be, from the scene of battle,—every step is deliberated.

Many of us must tarry by the stuff while others go to fight, and with *us* rests the glorious privilege and grave responsibility of prayer. We are the Prayer Corps of the army, with a duty as definite as those who are fighting on the border line.

(I.) Let us pray for the missionaries themselves, that in physical strain they may be strengthened, in mental isolation quickened, and in the asphyxiating atmosphere of moral degradation and spiritual death, indwelt by the HOLY SPIRIT.

(II). Let us remember the financial needs of the work in Peru which cannot be maintained apart from considerable and increasing expenditure. Fresh volunteers are continually completing their preparatory studies and friends are wanted who will send them out and support them.

Let us pray. The way is open; the initial difficulties have been overcome; Peru waits.

GERALDINE GUINNESS.

PART V.

IN A NEGLECTED .
CORNER OF INDIA.



RELIEF MAP OF INDIA, SHOWING BEHAR, WHERE THE R.B.M.U. IS AT WORK IN TWO PROVINCES,
CHAMPARAN AND SARAN.



ON THE MUNICIPAL VOTING DAY AT SIWAN, BEHAR.



Our Indian Empire.

THOUGH we travel from Brindisi to Inverness, then take steamer to Lisbon, and journey thence to St. Petersburg, we shall still not have traversed the full length and breadth of the continent which is covered by the term "Our Indian Empire." Its population of some three hundred millions is about equal to that of Europe, excluding Russia, and is broken up into the same diversities of language, religion and race, with as little prospect of growth into one confederation. Panjabi regiments, sent to Madras, regard themselves as much in a foreign land, as would Highlanders, if quartered in Italy. In addition, even when the people appear to be homogeneous, they are mostly disintegrated by caste, which has banished individualism and limited collective action to the rare occasions of a common interest.

India is a valuable training ground for our soldiers and administrators, and their incorruptibility, industry and gentleness furnish a standard to the world. Its geographical position in respect to the developing markets of China and Japan, of Australia and Africa, makes it a trade centre of increasing importance, while there is no indication that the competition for the trade route to the East is diminishing, or that we are less the envy of the nations by reason of its possession.

Have we thought about the price paid for India? Not in British capital. We have that stake in other countries; but in the blood of soldiers and sailors; in the lives of officers of all services, of their wives, and, not least, of their children; in the devoted toil, to which the world has no parallel, of those by whom the prosperity of India has been reared up.

Do we realize that these costly labours are evolving a new India? Before the light, idolatry is gathering together its polluted skirts and beginning to skulk from the society of the educated. India is becoming as keen as her neighbours to learn, and impatience is already manifested if caste, superstition and custom forbid advance. There will emerge a huge population, conscious of power, without any sense of responsibility, but happily not without salt to save it from corruption. As long ago as 1840, Dr. Duff, by his memorable appeal on behalf of missions in India, roused Scotland to take that prominent part in the Christian education of India's

youth, which, it is not too much to say, is to-day helping to safeguard the political situation. Pressed and handicapped by the demands of the Education Department, the Missionary Colleges have never ceased to keep a place for the Bible, knowing that it is truth, and not a University Degree, that makes a man, and righteousness, and not civilization, which exalts a nation. Missions, throughout the Empire, are putting on board the ballast which will save the ship when the storm of hastily adopted new ideas, sweeping before it all the restraints and beliefs of the past, bursts upon India.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

This is the day of extraordinary opportunity. On one hand, the examples of Japan, China and Korea are stimulating Indian ambition to rise to a higher level among men. On the other hand, the present trend of racial feeling in parts of America, Africa and Australia is somewhat roughly teaching Orientals that the maintenance of idolatry is incompatible with a claim to equality with nations, which have centuries ago purged themselves from its debasing influences and fear its sensuality too much to tolerate in their midst any considerable number of those who permit it. In both China and India, the year 1857 marks the transition from a period of long preparation to one of more rapid and steady development. In both countries, the most recent years are causing apprehension lest a lavish and superficial education may act as an intoxicant, inflaming the brain, without strengthening the character. The request of some of the chiefs of India for religious education seems to indicate disquietude as to the effects of purely secular teaching. If China discovers, as Japan to some extent has done, that the Bible standard of right and wrong underlies all Western stability, it may be that the day will come when India will demand instruction in the Book which delivered Europe from paganism, and is to-day uplifting many races. Till then, it is the duty, as it is the opportunity, of all Christians to make a great effort to increase the circulation of the Bible. Its steady influence throughout the East is incalculable.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

The Indian Empire belongs to us. Much has been given to us, and of us much will be required. The world regards Britain as responsible for India and will judge us by results. "What will be the price," writes "The Times," in reviewing Lord Cromer's *Egypt*, "to be paid ultimately for introducing European civilization into these backward Eastern societies is the grave problem which faces us all over the East." At the present time, heathendom is being strengthened by all the knowledge and appliances discovered by Christendom. There is temporary safety, because the inrush

of light is bending back the forces of darkness and breaking them up. Later on there will come a rally. Armed with new weapons, restrained by no morality, and without the fear of GOD, these enormous populations will indeed become a peril, unless the unique opportunity is seized by the Christian Church to sow the Gospel seed in hearts specially open to receive it. There is avidity to read and there are few books. The Bible is translated and ready for issue. What a moment to multiply the agency for its distribution ! There are crowds ready to listen. What an eagerness for preachers ! Why are they not sent ? Parents and children crave education, and will receive it from Christian lips. Why do men and women not go to teach ?

THE CALL.

From the Madras Decennial Conference, in 1902, an appeal reached this country, pointing out that there ought to be one male and one female missionary for every 50,000 of the population of India. This would mean quadrupling the number of missionaries then in India, or raising the total from 3,000 to 12,000. As a first step, the Conference pleaded for the doubling of the missionary staff within ten years. More than half the period has elapsed ; with what result ? Probably the increment is not above one hundred per annum. Is there any constraining love of CHRIST to make us care for India ? Apply the test. Take Meywar—there is an area of about 12,000 square miles with some 800,000 souls. There are, perhaps, four missionaries. There ought to be thirty.

THE NEED.

Prayer is needed. There is no prayer in our Churches for the Viceroy, Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, their ministers and councillors. Why has the government of 300,000,000 people no place in our public prayer ? There is soon to be a united meeting of Missions working in India. May one outcome be an appeal for prayer for India in our churches ! More lady workers are needed. Brave, devoted and winsome, capable of deep and true love ;—the women of India are worth winning for CHRIST. There are thousands of ladies in this country, with means and no particular vocation, who, were they to transfer themselves to India, would, after a crowded and absorbingly interesting life, leave behind them a name that would be remembered, and an influence that would long survive their death.

And the boys ! Oh ! that one generation of boys could be saved from the corruption that awaits them ! It can only be done through the ladies who are moving among the mothers of India.

And the educated youth ! Mr. Mott told us the other day that they were marching to failure, because they have no self-control, no moral strength



AT A VILLAGE MELA.

to resist temptation. Closer contact is needed with these young men during the period of education. In the colleges of the aristocracy this has been secured, and has been successful. The system needs expansion. Especially are hostels required for the sons of Indian Christians, where they can live with a resident European missionary.

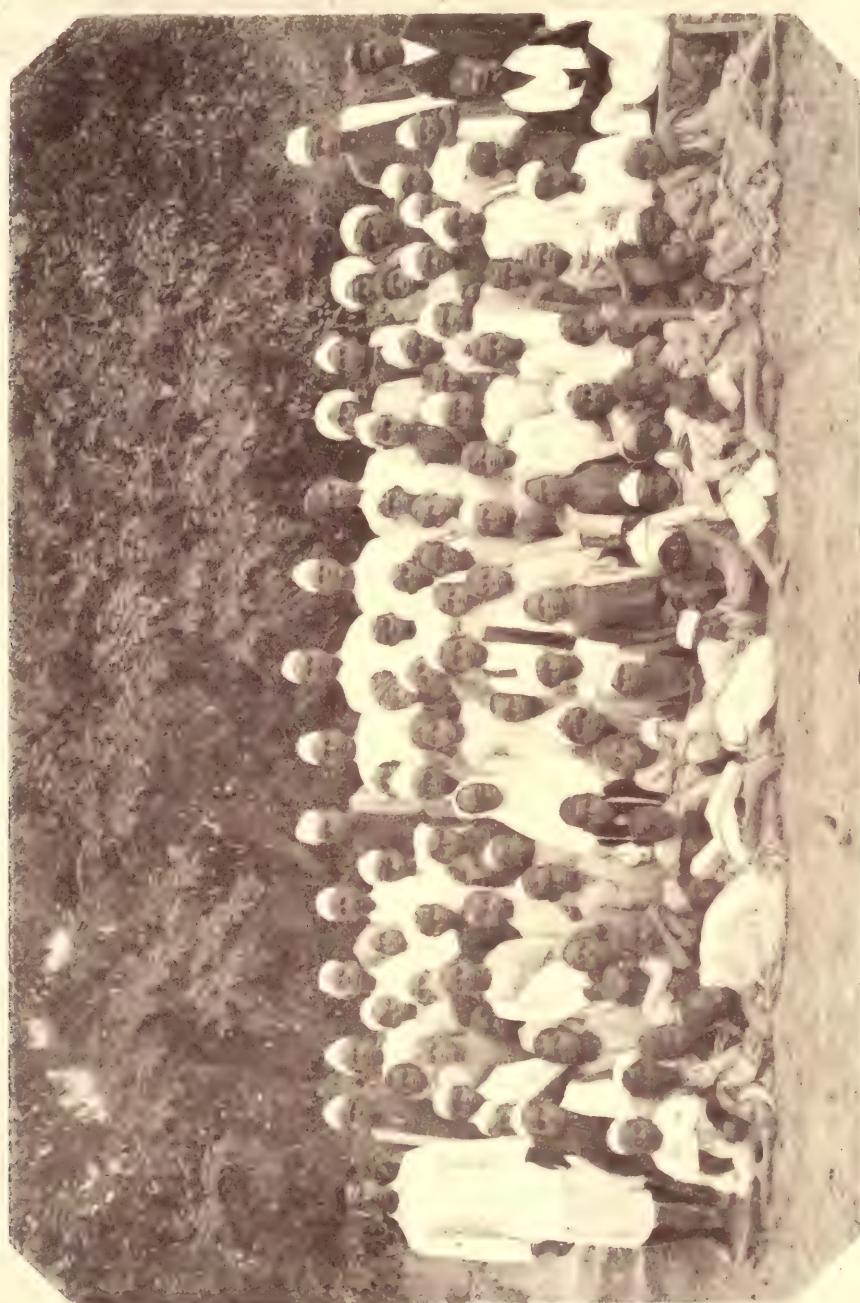
The low standard to which native Roman Catholics sank has been a great hindrance. Protestant Christianity is about to be judged by its fruits. It will be because native Christians excel their neighbours in character that the non-Christian multitude will be moved to recognize the power of the Gospel message.

Then the education given to Christian children and rescued orphans requires examination. Every such child ought to receive the best possible education and be taught a means of livelihood. The mission colleges were originally designed to reach non-Christians, but each of these colleges ought to be provided with a hostel for Christian boys, supervised by a man who would fire them with his own enthusiasm to win India for CHRIST in this generation. How is this to be done unless measures are taken, with a wide outlook to train and equip the Indian Christian children for active service?

To this end there is needed the co-operation of all the Societies in establishing Christian schools and colleges, normal and theological colleges. It is hopeless to expect the quality of Christian teachers, male and female, the coming situation demands, or the standard of native ministers which the Indian Church now requires, from the small number of pupils, the inadequate staffs, the stinted funds, of a number of different societies, which, if combined, would transmit power to all India. Large sums have been spent to convert the parents. What is being spent to maintain Christianity in their offspring, and a respect for Christianity in the community?

Is it not time for the appointment of a joint commission, representing the chief agencies in the field, to proceed to India, and thoroughly examine all the mission work, to ascertain where and how it can be co-ordinated? Men and money would be set free to undertake fresh evangelistic work and much that requires doing would be brought to the knowledge of England, the great Colonies and America.

ANDREW WINGATE, K.C.I.E.



THE BOYS' SCHOOL AT SIWAN.



In Behar.

DINAPORE was Henry Martyn's first parish in the East. That was a hundred years ago. "What a wretched life shall I lead," then wrote that earnest servant of the world's SAVIOUR, "if I do not exert myself from morning till night in a place where, through whole territories, I seem to be the only light."

Henry Martyn, scholar, translator of the Scriptures, preacher, was first of all a simple believer and a man of prayer. "Almost overwhelmed at the sight of the immense multitudes," with a burning heart and a rapidly wasting body, he cast the burden of his concern for their souls upon GOD in daily intercession, and pleaded that His saving Word might yet have free course and be glorified all over the province of Behar.

Towards the end of 1899, two missionaries of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union—Messrs. Banks and Hicks—arrived at Dinapore, the place where Martyn had prayed, to begin an interdenominational mission in the province for which he had pleaded.

If GOD's servants do the highest thing that men can do when they pray, GOD surely purposes the best that Divine love can do for His children and for the world, when He moves to intercessory prayer.

Well does the writer of these lines remember the appeal made by Miss Lucy Guinness, who was afterwards Mrs. Kumm, to a gathering of students at Cliff on behalf of the most neglected part of the great Indian field. The fervour of it was intense. But when, turning from appeal to man, the LORD's handmaiden knelt on the turf in that tent and prayed the LORD of the Harvest to thrust out labourers into Behar, one felt that GOD's time to favour the province of Henry Martyn's still unanswered prayers was near at hand.

Much was done when "Across India" was written, but immeasurably more when the writer of that thrilling record of appalling need went, burdened by all that she had seen, and learned and felt, straight to GOD's heart in prayer.

When the first station of the R.B.M.U. was founded at Motihari, at the close of 1900, by the camping in a mango-grove there of the pioneers of the mission, the eager spirit of expansion that led them thus early out of Dinapore was just what might have been expected to characterize workers thrust out in answer to such prayer.

Nor is it surprising that when the second station of the mission was opened at Siwan, about a year later, the messengers of the Gospel found themselves within fourteen miles of the place where, not long before, a Christian lady engaged in temporary hospital work among poor plague-stricken people, had prayed that the Gospel might be sent.

Thus has the LORD been leading through obedient lives, until, with a third station, established at Chanpatia in 1905, and another opened later at Gopal Ganj, the R.B.M.U. now possesses

A PLURAL BASE

of operations in Behar, from which we dare to hope the Leader and Commander of His people will conduct a warfare against the powers of darkness, and a conquest of souls not only all over Behar, but also into the fast-closed land of Nepaul.

It is no small token of divine working that the gift of a distinct power to discern and to describe the need and the opportunities of the new field has been granted to the first workers in it—notably to one of their number, Mr. Hodge. Many a man who can do, and has done, good missionary work is a poor writer and an ineffective speaker, but the fact that so arresting and illuminating a book as "Caste or Christ" has been produced, to make things as the missionaries find them real to people in this country, and in Australia and America, confirms the hope that God purposes to make interest in the evangelization of Behar a heart-engrossing matter with many of His children. Surely He intends to lay upon their hearts the burden that compels to prayer,—to prayer which goes up to God as the soul's pledge of those who offer it that they will do all that His grace and providence make possible on behalf of those prayed for, for the sake of One from Whom comes the impulse and the power to pray.

Our work in Behar, within the limited area which it at present occupies, touches the life of the people at as many points as there are points of need. Bazar-preaching, indoor services, house-to-house visitation, orphanages, schools, dispensaries, Bible-classes for students, are among the means used to bring God's help and salvation to the perishing.

The surprise of the Motihari women when the missionary and his wife received into the Mission House a little foundling, forsaken by its mother—their surprise that a mere castaway infant should be regarded as worth caring for, is an incidental revelation of one part of the need which it is the privilege of the servants of the children's SAVIOUR to meet in His Name. It is an illustration also of the value of our Orphanages as an expression of the spirit and the method of Christian faith. In nothing does the Gospel differ more sharply from all natural systems of religion

than in the place which it gives to the "little child." From every land where the Gospel is not known, the cry of the children comes as the most plaintive note in the Macedonian plea—"Come over and help us!" And this cry makes up no small part of Behar's appeal to us.

I hear the children crying in the night,
The little children:—"God of Stars and Sun,
We do not like the darkness; send down light
From where there is so much to where there's none;
Fire-flies and flowers we love, and all things bright,
But in our hearts it's dark: Dear God, send light!

"A little Child, we've heard, Thou once didst send—
Light to the heart of all the world to be,
And so we think, dear God, Thou didst intend
Some light for little children such as we,
For what a child can bring a child can take;
Then give us light, dear God, for that Child's sake.

"And if it be there is no light to spare—
Dear God, forgive if what we ask is wrong,
We're only *heathen* children. Is it fair
That others should have all the light so long?
We would not wish that they should have our night,
But when will our turn come to have the light?"

That God is blessing our ministry to the children of Behar, the following from the pen of *the children's man* among our missionaries—Mr. Banks—will show.

"One of our scholars who came daily from a village some three miles off, asked for medicine for a boy named Mukhtar, saying he was suffering severely from dysentery. We sent medicine for some weeks, and then heard that the patient was no better, and would assuredly die.

"Going to visit in the village where he lived, Mukhtar was pointed out to us by our scholar. The boy's appearance was pitiful indeed, since he was not only thin and weak to the last degree, but also painfully dirty. However, we invited him to come to the Mission House, telling him that when he was well enough he might either stay in the Orphanage (both his parents being dead), or go back to his friends—just as he liked. We did not expect him to come, but nevertheless Mukhtar arrived the next day. After being washed—he had not had a bath for six months—we gave him a bed in the joiner's shop, and did all we could to restore him. In a month he was going to school, and, in spite of his ignorance, soon learnt the alphabet and listened to all that was taught him about the true God and



A VILLAGE MAIDEN.



MUKHTAR.

His Son, JESUS CHRIST. Soon his brothers began to urge his return, but he always refused, saying, 'When I was ill you left me to die.' It was true, neither brother would keep Mukhtar in his home after the boy fell ill. It is no wonder he said, 'The missionaries have been kind and good to me, I will stay on with them.' Last autumn Mukhtar had a relapse, and the doctor at the Government Hospital ordered him to stay in bed for some time. He was both good and patient, and soon afterwards

expressed a desire to be baptized and recognized as a Christian. Knowing his character to be greatly changed, and receiving satisfactory answers to the questions we asked, his wish was granted, and we trust that he may become a good soldier of JESUS CHRIST, leading others to Him."

The

FIRST CONVERTS

of our Behar mission were Ram Dayal *and his wife* Ram Raji. The first heart that GOD opened to receive the Gospel in heathen Europe was the heart of a woman. The womanhood of Behar must be reached if the country is to be evangelized. And it is a fact of beautiful significance that as Ram Dayal takes his stand by the side of the European missionaries as a witness for CHRIST, Ram Raji does the same by the side of the missionaries' wives. Thank GOD for the homes that this saved Indian sister is able to enter with the story of GOD's love revealed in CHRIST JESUS the LORD. The women of Behar must be reached, not only for their own soul's sake, but also for the sake of the men whom they have such terrible power to hinder until they are enlightened to truly help. It is pitiful to see how, in their ignorance, the women of India misinterpret the signs that present themselves when the young men of the household begin to show an interest in CHRIST; how they construe into an omen of dire evil that which is the herald of the day of their own emancipation and salvation. Their case is strikingly set forth in the "Legend of the Dove of Dacca," which relates how a Hindu Rajah, made aware of the approach of an invading band of Mohammedans, went out bravely to meet them, taking with him a white dove. The return of the winged messenger to the palace was to be the sign to his family of his defeat, and the signal from him to destroy themselves and their home ere the violent invaders could arrive. The battle was fought and the Rajah gained the day. He turned homewards, flushed with the joy of victory, but, as he stooped by

a river to drink, the dove escaped from his bosom and flew swiftly towards the palace. There, eager eyes had been watching lest the token of defeat should appear. They thought they saw it draw nigh, and, although the Rajah hastened on his way with the utmost possible speed, he only arrived in time to throw himself upon the burning ruins of his home.

The SPIRIT, "like a dove," is drawing near to thousands of Indian homes to-day, and the unenlightened women do not understand what it means. These women who have most reason to hail His coming with joy are, in their ignorance, busying themselves in the dread work of self-destruction, and the destruction of loved ones, wiser than themselves, but so linked with them as to be almost inevitably involved in the results of their ignorance.

Who will go? Who will give? that the women of Behar may be made familiar with the story of JESUS and the principles of the Christian faith? There are mothers, to-day, holding back from the Kingdom sons to whose hearts, in the freer life they live, the message has come. There are husbands similarly hindered by superstitious wives. If the efforts of the missionaries among the men are not to be frustrated to a great extent, our work amongst



VILLAGE WOMEN OF BEHAR.

the women must be greatly increased. Christian women, clothed with divine power, and with hearts burning to tell the story of a SAVIOUR'S love, must enter the homes of the people in town and in village, and let the women know that the Dayspring from on High has visited their land.

Ages gone, Judean women,
Saw One, in fair manly prime,
Rise above the petty prudery
Of an unheroic time,
Rise, and lift the yoke which earth-power
Lays upon weak woman's neck,
And with wreath of queenly vantage
Womanhood's meek brow bedeck.

Sin-stained sisters, friend-forsaken,
Stood erect, condemned, forgiven,
As He spake and looked God's pity,
While He looked and spake of Heaven ;
And fair "honourable" women,
Hasting higher good to greet,
Found their crown of all life's longing
Reaching downwards to His feet.

So shall India's mothers, maidens,
Wives—and downcast widows too—
Find their womanhood's redemption,
Life made pure and strong and true,
When He findeth, as He seeketh,
Access where His love can shew,
How God makes the bliss of Heaven
Out of bitterness below.

There is an India within India united to us by a stronger tie than merely political and commercial ties can ever form between two widely-separated parts of the world. There is the India that speaks our language, that reads our literature, that has been enfranchised with us into the commonwealth of ever-expanding thought ; the India of the universities which are part of the outcome of British rule in the East ; the India of the learned professions, of a scientific culture, of legitimate and becoming personal and national aspirations ; in a word, *the India that we have educated but have not evangelized*.

Our Behar mission is affecting *that* India, and we must pray and plan that it may affect it with a rapidly increasing scope and power. The work of Mr. Hicks in his Bible-class for students is full of the inspiration of unlimited promise.

This India is in some respects *the* problem of the missionary. Chagrined at discovering that their fathers have been deluded by superstition, the educated Indians are exceedingly averse to believing in the supernatural. They are prone to dwell—to the point of becoming contemptuous in spirit,



WAITING FOR THE DISPENSARY TO OPEN.

if not in speech—on the fact that Christianity, as it comes to them, is the religion of a people whose forefathers were painted savages when their forefathers were—as they claim—civilized and cultured. The godless example of Europeans, regarded by them as “Christians,” has a terribly demoralizing effect upon them. The rapid and persistent inflow of the tide of scepticism from the West has submerged the minds of many. Eager to gain a university degree as a passport to Government Service, the student easily persuades himself that he cannot afford the time to thoroughly enquire into the things that the missionary commends to him as of supreme importance. The cruel grip of caste holds many a soul, convinced of the Truth, in the deadly grip of error. And in these men, as in all sections of our fallen race, “the carnal mind is enmity against God.” But to them also is the Word of Salvation sent, and one who has taken it to them can testify that what he saw of the power of the Gospel among the subtle-minded, well-informed, ambitious students and educated men of India, Hindus and Mohammedans, made it a fuller message of grace to his own soul. This conviction, too, wrought deeply in that worker’s mind, should be recorded that what the educated Indian needs, not less than his illiterate peasant neighbour, is that *the Gospel should be preached to him*; not apologized for, not studiously vindicated, but authoritatively and in love declared as the message of God to the heart of man everywhere.

Thus are our missionaries approaching the students and educated men of Behar, and their hearts are gladdened by proofs that the SPIRIT is applying



A BRAHMAN PRIEST.

"NOT UNTO US."

their witness to the conscience and soul of many of them in power. When a Hindu or a Mohammedan is convicted of sin, his religion is convicted to his deepest consciousness, of insufficiency, and *the* opportunity of the ambassador of CHRIST is won when the question is evoked, "What must I do to be saved?" The answer to that question surely has come to the young man who encloses in a letter to Mr. Hicks this prayer which he uses day by day:—

"O God! Thou art love. Thou lovest every creature. As I have been sinful, unclean, sorrowful and helpless, I fall upon Your *pierced feet*. Oh, do not cast me away, have mercy upon me. I have right for it because You love us, though I am sinful and unclean.

"I need *Him* Who can read my heart's deep secrets, can know all my sins, and how I am tempted, and can lead me through the darkness, for I am weak and helpless like a child.

"I indeed mourn that my sin has departed You from me, and has brought the blackest darkness for my soul. Now I repent on the cursed sin that hindered me, and come once more to *Thee* to be made fully whole."

The twenty-one years' service of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Guinness has yielded no fairer fruit than the Behar Mission of the Union at the head and heart of which GOD has placed them. And gratitude to GOD for all their work of faith and labour of love could not more fittingly express itself than in the carrying forward with ever-increasing consecration on the part of His people of a mission already so signally blessed

R. WRIGHT HAY



PART VI.

LIVING LINKS WITH THE REGIONS BEYOND.

The Story of our Children's Homes.



SOME OF THE BAIRNS OFF FOR A COUNTRY DRIVE.



HERBERT DODSON

MACKENZIE DODSON

LEONIDAS DODSON

AMY DODSON



ELLEN DODSON

SISTER MAY

MENA WALLBAUM



BABY MORGAN "THEODORE"

SISTER FANNY

Gwen Hope Morgan



GERTIE HARVEY

DORA FAIRMAN

GRETA FAIRMAN

ROBIN GILCHRIST

THE CHILDREN IN THE HOME AT SNARESBROOK WITH SISTER MAY AND SISTER FANNY.



The White Baby.

EVEN superficial contact with missionary work reveals the fact that the child problem is one of its most serious difficulties. On the Congo, for instance, the white baby cannot live as a rule, for more than two years, and no parent is well advised to delay sending the little one home for much more than twelve months. Even if the climate is salubrious, as it is in many other parts of the wide mission field, the evils of surrounding corruption tend almost inevitably to soil the pure minds of the little ones, and leave an almost ineffaceable mark on childhood and youth.

"Then missionaries have no business to be married," answers some thoughtless critic. In reply one need only say that those who know most of the inner realities of the mission field hold with very good reason the diametrically opposite view. The celibate missionary in most fields has a sadly restricted sphere of service. Women are needed to reach the women, and *family life* above all is needed, to show what such life should be. Often enough has it proved true, even in regard to Congo savages, that "a little child shall lead them." It was not until a white baby arrived on the Upper Congo that the native women would believe that the missionary's wife belonged to the same order of creation as themselves, and it was only when the proud mother could show the greatest wonder that black women had ever conceived, a white infant, that this delusion was destroyed, and a bond of union created which eventually led to the knowledge and love of Him, Who for us became the Child of Bethlehem. No, no, this negative, restrictive, celibate solution of the problem only mocks the questioner and is neither practicable nor common sense!

What, then, is to become of the children, when in many cases the missionary has no home circle of near relatives, able and willing to care for the little ones? It was as a small practical contribution towards the solution of this question that Mrs. Harry Guinness, in 1895, opened a Home for Children in Addington Road, Bow. The four little ones first placed under her care belonged to devoted Congo missionaries, but the little *family* soon

commenced to grow, and children came from many parts of the world. From the year the Home was started until the present time, *forty-two children* have been cared for and educated. Of these, twenty-six have been girls and sixteen boys, and they have varied in age from six months to eighteen years.

The length of time spent in the Home by each child has depended upon circumstances. One or two have been with us only a few months, and some have stayed as long as nine years, but from three to six years is an average period. Fourteen children have come from the Congo, five from Angola, three from North Africa, six from India and Assam, five from Jamaica, and five from South America, whilst four were visitors with us under special circumstances, going in due time to South Africa and Canada.

The year 1899 saw

ANOTHER DEVELOPMENT

in the work. The increase in the number of children compelled us to provide more adequate accommodation, and it was decided to remove the Home to Snaresbrook, a pleasant suburb on the borders of Epping Forest and yet within easy reach of London. "Sister May," or "Auntie May," as the children affectionately call her, who took charge of this effort in 1897, is the present head of the Home at "Malvalli," Grove Road, Snaresbrook, and many a missionary has a heart full of gratitude for the tender and loving care she has bestowed upon the children placed in her charge. She is ably assisted by "Auntie Fanny," who, besides superintending the children's lessons, is a willing helper in every way possible.

I have often had the pleasure of paying a visit to the Home at Snaresbrook. It is a large and substantially built house, with light, airy bedrooms, bright and cosy sitting-rooms, spacious schoolroom and nursery; a lovely garden with lawn, swing, and fowl-run, in fact, everything that will conduce to the comfort and health of the children. Although at Snaresbrook, as in other suburbs, the builder is busy, there is still plenty of open country, and the little ones have the benefit of pure, bracing air. A glance at their bright and merry faces convinces one that each and all—from the tiny tot of twelve or eighteen months, unable to walk alone, to the eldest girl of about nine or ten—are lovingly looked after. Everything is done to make the children feel happy. Indeed, the impression one gets is that of a most contented family, affectionately "mothered" by "Auntie May." The bairns have their playthings and their pets, "Pretty Polly" being a great favourite, and they are provided with a pony and trap, in which all the youngsters are taken for an outing whenever the weather is favourable.

At Snaresbrook we have at present eleven children, seven girls and four boys, these having come from Angola, the Congo and Egypt. One little fellow, who entered the Home when he was only five months old, has not seen his parents for more than seven years. His father is expected shortly on furlough, and the boy, now a sturdy little chap, is all excitement at the prospect of the meeting. "What is my daddy like?" he asks, "how tall is he?" What a joy it will be for that father to clasp the little fellow again to his arms, and how he will thank God for the tender care bestowed on his child all these years.

Before me lies

A TOUCHING LETTER

from a mother who, for CHRIST's sake, is labouring in Central Africa. She tells how her little baby is very ill, suffering from malarial enlargement of the spleen, and how, unless a speedy change of climate can be secured, the little life will be lost. Is there room in the Home for another white baby? A trained nurse is just leaving for England, and she is sending the little one in her charge, in the hope that we can find a place in our missionary family.

I take up another letter addressed to Mrs. Guinness, this time from one of the noblest missionaries on the Congo, whose ministry has been widely owned of God for very many years. He writes:—"Please accept our best thanks for your kind letter assenting to the reception in the Home of both our little ones. I can assure you that the prospect of their being left in an Institution under your superintendence makes the task much easier. In any case, it will be hard to leave them, especially for the mother. Yours sincerely and gratefully."

Another letter from a self-denying missionary, bears the Jamaica post-mark, and contains warm thanks for information sent concerning the school where the clever daughter has been doing capitally. "We hear very frequently from Dora, and I am sure that you will feel some satisfaction in the tone of her letters. Every letter, without exception, has conveyed to our minds that she is perfectly happy in the Home. I can assure you that her mother and I are deeply grateful to God for opening the way for our dear child to be so lovingly cared for."

Yet another Jamaican minister adds:—"I cannot express to you the thankfulness we feel for having our daughter with you. Our hearts abound in gratitude."

One more letter, out of a big pile from which I might quote, is headed with strange Arabic letters, and hails from Egypt, from whence one of our former students, a successful missionary to the Mohammedan popu-

lation, writes to Mrs. Guinness :—“ We left our children behind in your care with very restful hearts when we came away, for we knew, and had both of us experienced, so much of your kindness in past years that we were confident all would be well with them. Many, many thanks for all the care you exercise over them.”

For several years, the elder children had to travel by train from Snaresbrook to Bow every day in order to attend the splendid girls' school close by Harley House, and the boys' school belonging to the Coopers' Company. The former is one of the finest girls' schools in London, and the latter, now being rebuilt at a cost of £30,000, is one of the finest institutions of its kind in the metropolis. The difficulty, however, of taking the children backwards and forwards increased as time went on, and it was felt that it would be better if they could live on the spot. So it happened that about twelve months ago a small house was placed at our disposal next to our headquarters in the Bow Road, and there, in Eagle Lodge, our elder boys and girls—there are four of each at present—are accommodated, so as to be within a stone's throw of these schools, which afford the advantage of a really first-class education.

It is cause for much thankfulness that the health of the children has, on the whole, been good. We have had no cases of very serious illness, and this is the more remarkable as the children frequently come to us in a delicate state of health, owing to climatic conditions and other causes, and therefore require very special care.

HOLIDAYS

are, of course, an important factor in the life of a child, and “Auntie May” has a delightful cottage by the sea, where she frequently takes her charges for a change. We are also glad to receive holiday invitations for our elder girls and boys, and are grateful to the friends who have helped us in this way.

Our children have done well educationally. Already some have won scholarships and gained very good reports. The eldest girl at Eagle Lodge is looking forward to a useful career in the teaching profession, and hopes to enter College by the aid of a County Council Scholarship. The boys, although younger and smaller, have also made a good start in their school course, and one little fellow of eight came out top of his class last term.

The cost of maintaining our Children's Homes causes us no little anxiety. The parents, of course, contribute towards the maintenance of their children, but owing to their slender resources they are unable to meet all the expenses, and we have to supplement their payments by other gifts. May we ask our friends to consider whether they could not help us by becoming



THE BOYS AND GIRLS AT EAGLE LODGE WITH MRS. BALLINGER.



THE COTTAGE AT MERSEA WHERE THE CHILDREN SPEND THEIR HOLIDAYS.

financially responsible for one or more of the children whilst they are under our care. What a touching dedication once appeared in a book written by a Congo missionary. It was addressed to two friends, who "by welcoming our daughter Marjorie into their hearts and home have lifted the only cross of our missionary life." "The only cross"—that was a great deal for a Congo missionary to say, but we believe it represents the weight of the burden which falls upon our friends when they are compelled to part with the little ones they dearly love.

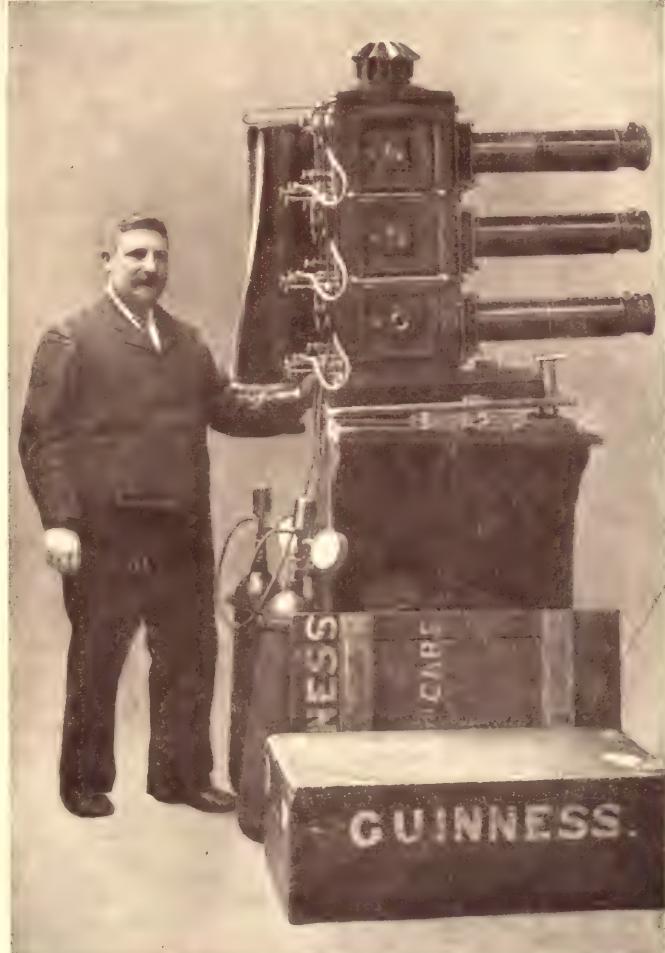
A pressing need, which we are very anxious to supply, is the erection of a more suitable Home near Harley House for these elder children. Eagle Lodge is very small and not in the least convenient, and we have been longing for the time when the means will be forthcoming to enable us to provide better equipped and more permanent premises. The cost of a new Home would, we estimate, be about £1,500, and we lay this matter before our friends in the hope that some may be led to help in this delightful department of service.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these—ye have done it unto Me."

H. G. G.

PART VII.

OUR HELPERS' UNION.



THE LANTERN, THROUGH WHICH DISTANT PLACES AND PEOPLES ARE BROUGHT NEAR TO OUR HELPERS, WITH ITS OPERATOR, MR. SAMBRIDGE.



HARLEY HOUSE GARDEN AT AN ANNUAL SUMMER MEETING OF HELPERS AND FRIENDS.



Our Helpers' Union.

THE centennial year of the birth of modern missions, 1892, witnessed the formation of a league of loving service which has, through God's blessing, been destined to play no small part in hastening the coming of the Kingdom. As stated in its first booklet, "Our Helpers at Work," the Regions Beyond Helpers' Union sought "to provide a sphere of missionary service for every grade of talent and every variety of age, position and influence," working on personal and collective lines on behalf of those who in the "regions beyond" were lying in the darkness and hopelessness of heathendom. Entrance into its fellowship was created by a common obligation to study and pray for Foreign Missions; to give at least Carey's Weekly Penny; and to do whatever else was possible to take or send the Gospel to every creature in this generation. Its ideal was "that in every town and village in Great Britain and Ireland, and in as many as the LORD might open across the seas, there should exist a group of men and women, lads, lasses, and children, each of whom should work individually and collectively for the evangelization of the world in this generation." It was proposed that "they should be banded together for this service, strengthening each others' hands, taking up different duties and responsibilities, fitting into each other, inspiring each other, and collectively accomplishing, by the grace of GOD, results impossible to isolated effort."

A story covering more than fifteen years cannot be told in a few hundred words, but the fact that more than £50,000 has been contributed to the Carey Fund alone since Christmas, 1892, largely through the weekly pennies of working people, is sufficient proof that this organization is supplying a link in the great missionary life chain.

True, our ideal has not been fully realized, that goes without saying, but something has been attempted and something done.

Foremost amongst the objects of the R.B.H.U. stands the word "STUDY." "I purpose by the help of GOD, to study and pray for Foreign Missions." It was placed even before prayer, because prayer, to be effectual, must be intelligent and heartfelt, and those who have only a superficial knowledge of the conditions and needs of the "uttermost parts of the earth," which they have never seen, can only plead for those destitute lands in a vague

and superficial way. To foster study, then, has been the first object of our work, and with this end in view, the entire membership is supplied with our monthly periodical, "Regions Beyond," never more attractive and worthy of study than to-day. By the use of the Missionary Libraries established at our Headquarters and Branch Offices, and in some local centres, and by means of Missionary Parliaments, Study Classes, Reading Circles, Local Secretaries' Evenings, Missionary Mail Nights and Rallies of various kinds, as well as by many another form of individual and combined effort, our Helpers have sought to maintain a constant glow of enthusiasm and to keep up a regular supply of

MISSIONARY FUEL.

One Local Branch during its twelve years' existence, has maintained a weekly meeting for prayer, study, etc., and has been visited by nearly 150 missionaries, representing every part of the great world-field. One of its able Secretaries says: "This missionary organization has brought into being a phase of Christian service which did not exist here previous to its inception. It has emphasized the duty and need of foreign missionary work; it has given a new interest in prayer for foreign missions; it has given a new spirit and purpose in the matter of Christian giving, and it has brought us into contact with some of the best of GOD's servants in all lands."

No wonder that such a Branch has been enabled to raise nearly £1,500 for missionary purposes, the greater part of which has come from the hard earnings of young people; nor that the Branch has had more than a dozen members in training for missionary service, three being in College at the present time and several in the Mission Field.

"AND PRAY." Study and Prayer—the two are intimately linked, the earnest work of the first finding its natural outlet in the second. To enable the members of our Helpers' Union to create and foster that sympathy and sense of co-operation which are essential to unity in prayer and action, our Prayer Roll, with its division into four groups of subjects, was prepared, and day by day throughout each succeeding month our Helpers have, by a golden chain, bound the whole world about the feet of GOD. In response to these fervent prayers, workers in lonely fields have been strengthened again and again, and our members have had the joy of helping to answer their own petitions by assisting to prepare and send forth new workers to open some of the few remaining doors of the world.

"TO GIVE AT LEAST CAREY'S WEEKLY PENNY." One penny a week to forward the evangelization of the world in this generation—the minimum standard of giving to missionary work which William Carey raised in 1792.

Each member in joining promised to give or collect at least this small sum weekly: and those pennies have totalled up to £50,000 in fifteen years, a magnificent amount which has not only been used to maintain and strengthen existing work, but has enabled virgin soil to be sown with the life germinating seed, until already in parts of South America and in Behar, as well as in Congoland, there are signs of abundant harvest.

Weekly pennies, now totalling £4,000 a year, have a story to tell—proving that the age of Christian self-denial has not yet gone, and that the country is full of brave men and women, who, out of their poverty, are closely following the footsteps of the Master. Our letter basket could tell a story that would fill a volume of entrancing interest, but space forbids more than an extract or two taken haphazard from the budget at hand.

With a ten shillings postal order from Aylesbury is sent the following touching note:—

“Owing to being out of work for nearly half a year, our tithe purse was nearly empty; illness with it, and no prospect of work, it seemed as if our offering would be almost nil. But out of what we had we decided to give our usual, and next day an order for ten shillings was sent to us from a friend, altogether unlooked for, as her brother had just been killed. Wonderful are His ways of working. So, though work has not come, we joy at being able to give at this season, though in bed ill.”

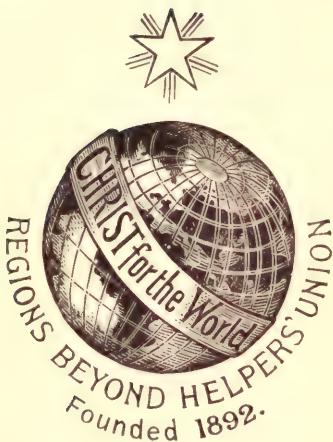
“My contribution,” writes a helper in Hertfordshire, “includes the gift of my poor bed-ridden friend who, out of her income of about three shillings and sixpence per week from the Parish, has given me two shillings in threepenny pieces, and sixpence wrapped in a bit of paper ‘to put along with yours for the poor heathens.’”

“Seven shillings of the enclosed,” writes a member in the Kyles of Bute, “was put into the box at the request of my dear brother, who before going to be with CHRIST divided his little all for the LORD’s cause. From a child he used to put his spare pennies into the Carey Box and watched its opening with great pleasure, but to-day our home is empty—he will no more stand by us while the box is being emptied.”

“I have pleasure in sending one pound, ten shillings, my half-yearly contribution. I always put away two shillings on the 1st of the month, and although I am in my 75th year, I sometimes earn a little, and then, as now, I am able to send a little more. I pray for GOD’s blessing on your work at all times and in all places.” This from a long-standing helper at Rayne, Essex.



THE CAREY BOX OF THE REGIONS BEYOND
HELPERS UNION.



We might go on to tell the story of Working Parties and of Sales of Work organized by our younger helpers—one such held in a private house for five years has produced over £30, and another organized by a Local Branch, contributes a substantial sum towards the support of a Congo missionary; of Trading Pennies; of Services conducted by young people at home when unable to get to the house of GOD, by which the contents of the Box have been appreciably increased; of little nephews and nieces from three to seven years of age, who give their pennies freely "because they want

little black boys and girls to hear about JESUS, Who died that they may go to Heaven"; of extra contributions as thank-offerings for money received which had been owing a long time; these, and many other ways and means devised by loving hands and hearts, which though unrecorded here, are not unnoticed by Him Who sits over against the treasury.

It would be absolutely unpardonable if we were not to add in conclusion, that the results for which we praise GOD to-day would never have been attained but for the splendid voluntary help of our large band of Local Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Secretaries, Treasurers, Leaders of Bands, Magazine Distributors, and other helpers, with whom I have counted it a great privilege to be in touch for so many years. They are a band of wise-hearted, willing-hearted, warm-hearted men and women. May GOD greatly multiply their number in the years to come!

Let us give thanks that the work goes on; the broader river nourished by the smaller streams; yet all part of those Living Waters flowing from the Infinite Source through simple human lives, and destined to turn many a desolate land into the very garden of GOD.

E. A. TALBOT.



PART VIII.

GOD'S FAITHFULNESS AND OUR NEED.



*"For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but
My kindness shall not depart from thee."*

—ISAIAH liv., 10.



A BATTLESHIP, THE COST OF ABOUT ONE-THIRD OF WHICH EQUALS THE TOTAL INCOME OF THE R.B.M.U. FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS.



How the Money Comes.



ELIEVING that the "servant is worthy of his hire," and confiding in the faithfulness of Him Who bade His disciples evangelize the world, the Directors of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union have adventured on this large and increasing enterprise, assured that every need shall be supplied. In reliance on the all-sufficient GOD, the work was started thirty-five years ago, and in reliance on Him it still holds on its way. It possesses no endowment of any kind, nor has it any denomination to which it can make special appeal. It seeks to make known its needs to GOD in daily prayer, and to disseminate information among His people in the hope of securing their prayerful and practical support.

The *illustrated organ* of the Union, REGIONS BEYOND, is sent freely to all subscribers of more than ten shillings per annum; and *occasional letters* containing information concerning out-going missionaries, are forwarded periodically to friends and donors, who are thus kept in immediate touch with the progress of the work.

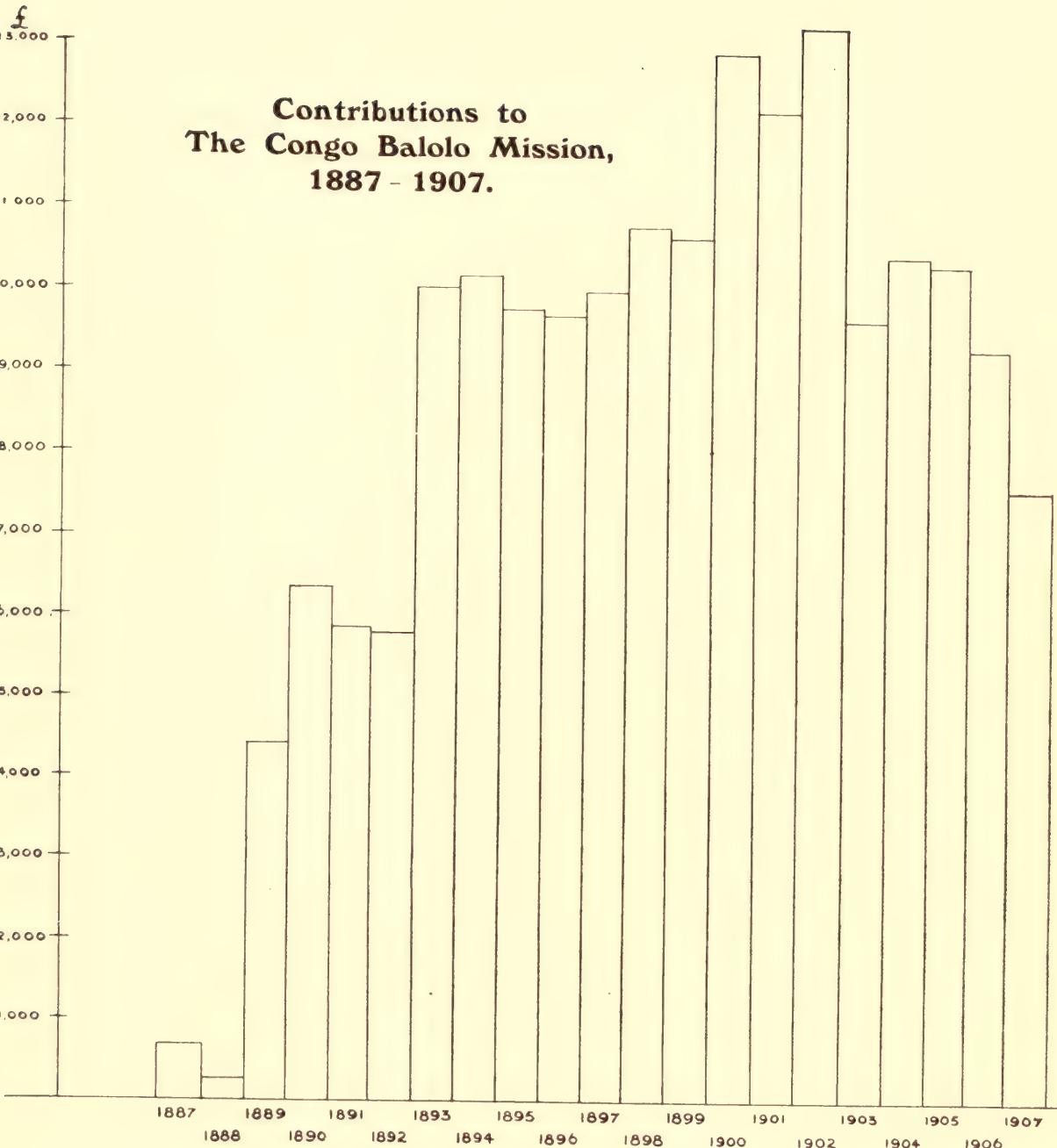
During the past twenty-one years I have been able to do a considerable amount of *deputation work*; and in this department of service have been splendidly helped by our missionaries when on furlough.

But when I remember the utter inadequacy of the efforts put forth to raise the very considerable income required, my mind is irresistibly driven back on the faithfulness of GOD as the ultimate explanation of the supply of all our complex needs. Not our poor faith, but His faithfulness would we extol! When two or three thousand pounds met the necessities of annual expenditure, this sum was forthcoming; and when, little by little, increasing responsibilities were assumed, the corresponding supply was never lacking.

* * *

How often during past years have we been sorely pressed for funds, only to find, that in His own good time and way, the LORD brought deliverance. One summer, in particular, I remember when we were needing £3,500 in a fortnight to meet certain heavy Congo liabilities. After fasting and prayer on the part of all the Harley House circle, I wrote a circular letter entitled, "Shall we abandon Central Africa?" which was sent to our friends

**Contributions to
The Congo Balolo Mission,
1887 - 1907.**



throughout the country. The response was most cheering, and within the fortnight the whole sum was in hand ! With such memories of the LORD'S goodness, and in view of the exceeding great and precious promises, we are strengthened to believe that He will continue to supply all our need.

During recent years, the rate of missionary expansion characterizing the foreign work of the Union, has been greater than the existing circle of helpers



Contributions to the Peru and Argentine Missions, 1899—1907.

185

could easily maintain. We have badly needed a corresponding increase in the number of donors and subscribers, but our deputation workers have been too few to create and sustain the requisite interest. In order to meet this condition it is proposed that I give myself more largely than ever to mission and missionary work in this country, and in the United States and Canada; and that more deputational work should be undertaken by our missionaries.

Meanwhile we venture to appeal for a large accession to the ranks of our helpers.

* * *

In order to give a clear conception of monies contributed during the past twenty-one years, the accompanying

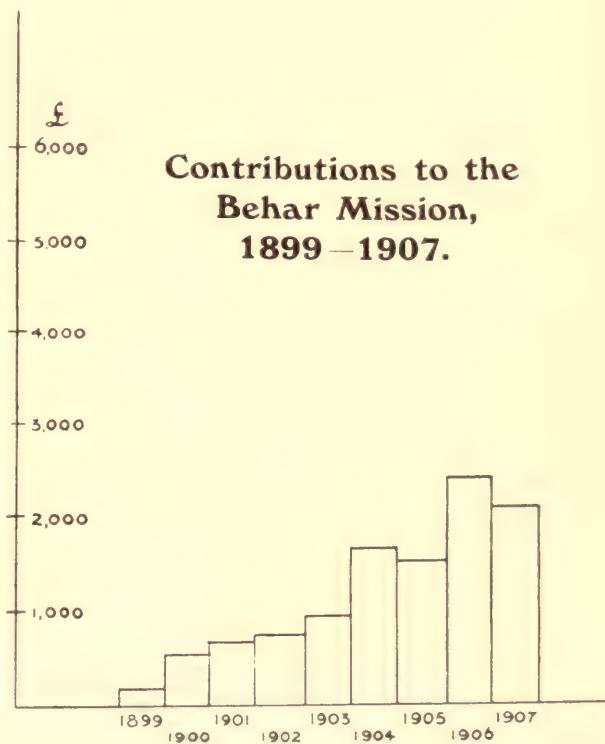
DIAGRAMS

have been prepared:—

The Congo Columns show the small amount collected in 1887 and 1888 and passed over to the American Baptist Missionary Union on behalf of our first Congo Mission adopted by them in 1884.

It also shows the start of the Congo Balolo Mission in 1889 and the rapidly increasing expenditure involved in the early days when new stations were being opened up, and the s.s. "Pioneer" was being sent out and reconstructed. Three special years, 1900 to 1902,

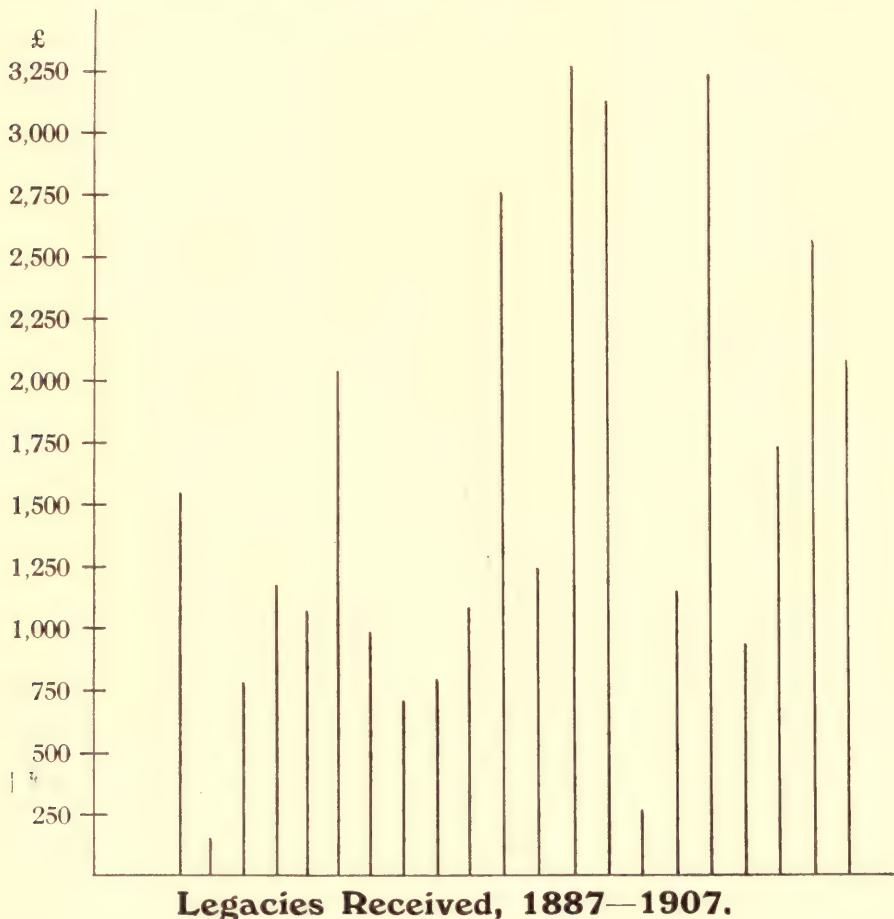
Contributions to the Behar Mission, 1899—1907.



represent the extra expenditure involved by the building, transport and reconstruction of the s.s. "Livingstone." It will be observed that last year, 1907, the funds were very low and *this it is which has emphasized our existing Congo needs.* I trust this fact will influence friends who value the devotion of Congo missionaries to come to our help with substantial gifts. Humanly speaking my absence from this country last year in connection with the visit to Peru, may partly account for the diminution in the Congo funds.

The South American diagram is mainly remarkable for the sudden development of the last two years. The latter refers to our taking over in earnest the Peru Mission on the termination of the industrial work in Cuzco. This year we shall be involved in still heavier expenditure, in view of the proposed acquisition of house property in Cuzco, and of the Inca farm "Urco," which has just been purchased at the cost of £3,400.

India, with its four stations and eleven missionaries, has been climbing up steadily, and 1908 will present a yet higher column !



ARGENTINA, 22.

1908

M.



MISSIONARIES OF THE REGIONS



Ninety-one Missionaries working in connection with the Regions

(We regret that the group does not include a portrait of M

S BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION



Beyond Missionary Union in Congoland, Argentina, Peru and India.

18 STRANGE, of Argentina, but one has not yet been received).

ON Total 91

PERU, 16.



Mr. JARRETT



Mrs. JARRETT



Miss PINN



Mrs. McNAIRN



Mr. McNAIRN



Mrs. WATSON



Mr. WATSON



Mr. AUSTIN



Mr. RITCHIE



Mr. PAYNE



Mrs. PAYNE



Mr. JOB



Mrs. JOB



Mr. MILLHAM



Mrs. SEARS



Mr. SEARS



Mrs. BANKS



Mr. BANKS



Mrs. HICKS



Mr. HICKS



Mrs. HODGE



Mr. HODGE



Mr. WYND



Mrs. WYND



Miss GRAHAM

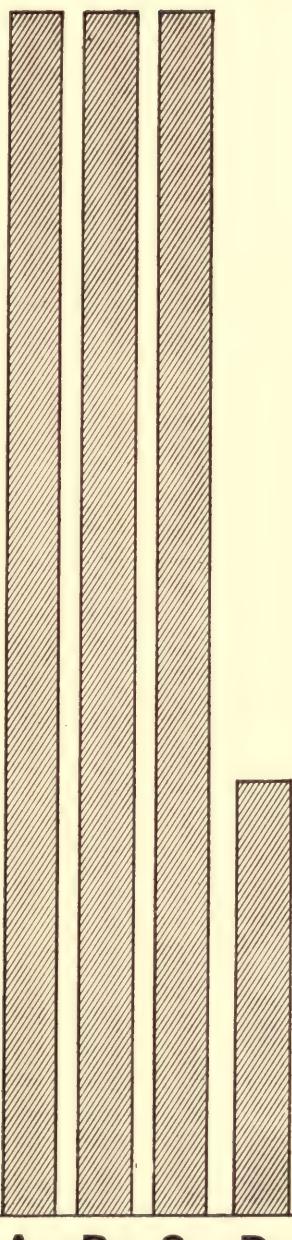


Miss ROBERTSON



Mr. JARDINE

INDIA, 11.



A Comparison.

A. B. C. & D. added together, represent the DRINK BILL for one year, £168,000,000. **E.** represents the AGGREGATE INCOME of the R.B.M.U. in twenty-one years.

The diagram representing the *total expenditure* of the Union for twenty-one years, indicates in white columns the outlay upon Colleges and East London work. On the whole this has been fairly steady, with the exception of the year 1900, when we built the Mackenzie Memorial Medical Mission; but it shows a gradually lessening amount from £13,000 to £10,000, which represents our highest figure during the last six years. The latter will be largely exceeded during 1908, owing to the building of the new wing of Harley College, but, apart from such capital expenditure, the advantageous reduction due to the abandonment of Cliff College is clear.

The Annual Income through legacies has varied considerably as indicated in the special diagram, but the average is about £1,500.

It is interesting to note the total amount contributed for the various mission fields, and the grand total from 1887, £457,562, and from the foundation of the work in 1873, £588,728. Were the money given during the last twenty-one years to be piled up in a single column of sovereigns, it would actually reach more than six times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral. The latter measures 404 feet to the cross which surmounts the dome, and the column of sovereigns would be about 2,500 feet in height.

If, on the other hand, the sovereigns were to be laid on the ground touching each other, they would form a line of gold stretching from Harley House past Mile End, Whitechapel and Aldgate to Leadenhall Street, Cornhill and the Bank of England, and from the latter up Cheapside to St. Paul's Cathedral, down Ludgate Hill and up the Strand, stretching right away past Charing Cross Station into Trafalgar Square, a distance of six miles.

And yet how little has been given compared to what is spent in other directions! Our nation orders a battleship costing one and a quarter millions sterling, with very little ado; and yet were all the money given to this Mission during the whole twenty-one years to be put together, it would only pay for about one-third of such a vessel, say from the forward turret to the bow!

And if we represent by three-and-a-half columns the total annual amount expended by our nation in drink, then in comparison the twenty-one years' income shrinks into absolute insignificance, as will be seen in the drink bill diagram! If only the money thus lavished in one year were available for foreign missions, the whole problem of the world's evangelization would be solved right away as far as the financial side of the question was concerned!

* * *

On April 6th, 1908, at the crowded Thanksgiving Service held in the Queen's Hall, a special

THANKSGIVING FUND

was opened, which will not close, we trust, before £10,000 has been subscribed for its special purposes. On Carey's principle, based on the warrantable audacity of faith, we desire to

"Expect great things from God," and to
"Attempt great things for God."

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the crowded, enthusiastic gathering:—

"In view of the mercies of God granted during the past twenty-one years to the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, and of the open doors for effectual service vouchsafed on the Congo, in India, Argentina, and Peru, and in consideration of the urgent need for building extension at home and in the foreign fields as indicated in the Report of the Acting Director, this Meeting of the London friends and helpers of the work desires in every way to strengthen the hands of the Directors of the Union, and heartily commends to the liberality of Christian people of every denomination the Thanksgiving Fund to be inaugurated at this Meeting."

It is proposed to allocate the Thanksgiving Fund as follows:—

£5,000 to the Home section of the work, and

£5,000 to the Foreign Missions, and to the General Funds of the Union.

With regard to the *Home expenditure*, we propose to make an effort to *purchase the freehold of the property at Harley House*. We have seen the solicitors of our landlord, Lord Tredegar, and there seems no reason to doubt that the land can be secured at a reasonable figure. If £3,000

were paid down, the remaining sum has been already offered on four per cent. mortgage, and the interest on the latter, as compared to the present rental, would effect an *annual saving of about £90*. As the lease runs on for another 65 years, it is clear that the total saving throughout this period would be considerable, and, in fact, would amount to £5,850. We have taken advice on the subject of the advisability of this purchase, with the result that the step is urged upon us, and *one noble friend of the work has promised £1,000 if we can secure two others to do the same*.

COLLEGE WING.

At last we have been enabled to commence the new wing of the College, through the liberality of one of our oldest donors, who has given £2,000 for this purpose. The builders promise to finish the structure by next October, in time for the new session. The new wing will be 135 feet in length, part of which will be hidden behind the existing college, but the larger portion of which will project at right angles to the old building, right across the garden. Our picture gives a good idea of the perspective of the new building, the foundation stones of which were laid on the occasion of the Re-union of the old Harley students, on May the first. The wing will contain a fine Library, Common Room, and two Class Rooms, all similar in size (31 feet by 20 feet by 13 feet). Above these are seven bedrooms, and behind the old College are the new bath-rooms, boot and cloak rooms, heating apparatus, etc. By these alterations we shall *gain seven bedrooms in the old building*, rooms which for some years have been used for other purposes. This total gain of fourteen bedrooms will enable us to do without the extra house now employed for overflow purposes, at a cost of £70 per annum.

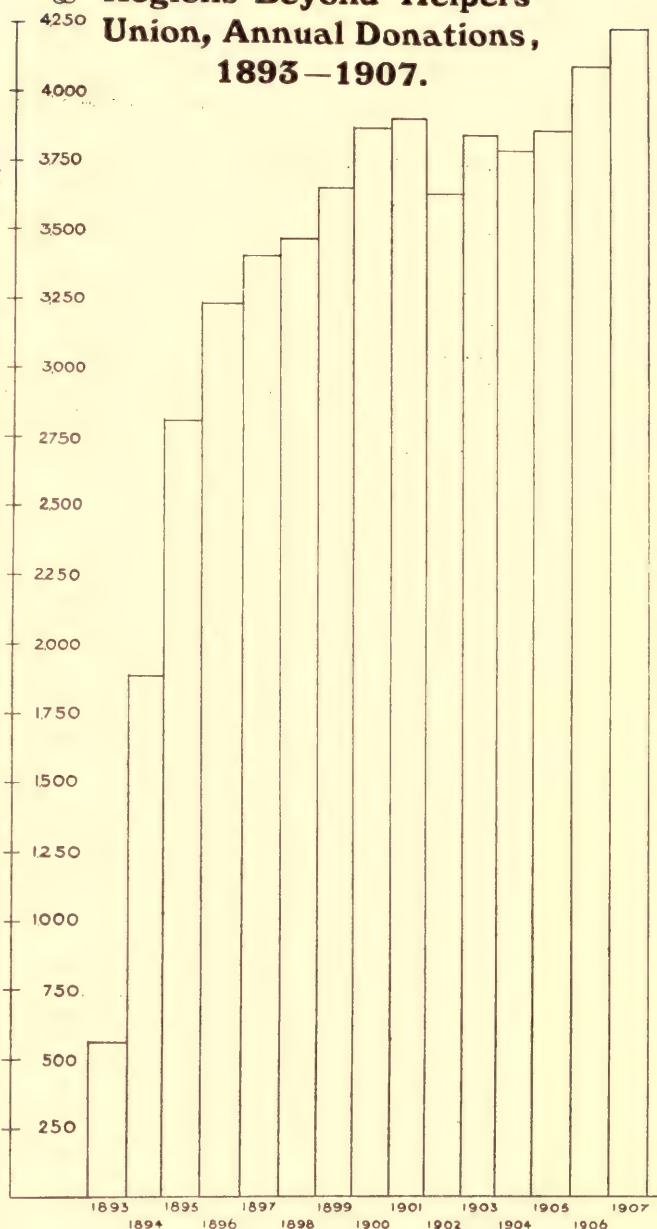
With regard to the *Foreign expenditure*, we hope to give £1,000 to the Congo, £1,000 to Peru, £1,000 to Argentina, and £2,000 to the General Funds of the Union, which are just now sadly depleted.

* * *

Two long pages, closely filled with names, lie before me on the table, each line of which bears its separate evidence of the ceaseless care of GOD. These are the names of liberal donors, whose gifts were known on high, whither they have entered in to receive their reward.

As my eye runs down the page I notice the name of one of the earliest friends of the work, Mr. Berger, of Cannes, whose gifts amounted to over £11,300,—of Mr. Coghill, of Hastings, who contributed £6,420,—of Samuel Morley, who gave us £3,425,—and of sainted Emily Hart, who subscribed £4,925. These, and others, many others—nearly 70 in all—have now passed away. But the LORD's mercy, through His people, has never

**Regions Beyond Helpers'
Union, Annual Donations,
1893—1907.**



failed. He has been our *El Shaddai*, our *all-sufficient God*, to Whom be all the praise !

* * *

If each reader of these pages will *do something* to help the cause, our hands will be wonderfully strengthened ! Become a subscriber; join the Helpers' Union; study "Regions Beyond"; pray for us often; tell others of the work !

Don't say that you are doing as much as you can already ! Of course you *can* do more. This may involve self-denial, but is not this precisely the path that CHRIST would have us tread ? Don't say that your sympathies are limited to your own denomination. GOD forbid ! Surely we ought most earnestly to help those inter-denominational movements which contribute to the good of all—the Bible Society which has supplied the Word of GOD to every land, and our own Society which has given over thirteen hundred men and women to a multitude of missions the world over. At the Queen's Hall meeting, speaking as representing the Bible

Society, the Rev. J. H. Ritson said that whereas every Society was a debtor to his organization, the latter was a debtor to the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, as ten per cent. of its European agents had been trained at Harley College.

* * *

It may be that this book shall fall into the hands of some who by the LORD have been called to the stewardship of wealth. May we urge upon such

the duty and privilege of *large giving*. I remember the case of one noble donor, who some years ago was struck by the fact that never yet had he given so as to feel it. True he had been generous, but never had he been sensibly the poorer through his gifts. This discovery led not only to a new and remarkable liberality, but to a reconsideration of the whole scheme of his personal expenditure, which resulted in a career of devotion that has seldom been surpassed.

If some reader is led to consecrate his possessions in some fuller sense to the service of the Master, how gladly would we indicate investments for Eternity, bearing an interest unknown on the Stock Exchange or Wall Street. Missionary Service demands not the mere driblets of our superfluity, but the serious giving of our deepest devotion.

Foreign Missions, more than any other form of obedience to CHRIST, need the aid of consecrated wealth, and why should unlimited thousands be poured into the coffers of our Universities, so that some colleges in Great Britain and America are almost gorged with wealth, while a Missionary Institution, which for more than a generation has done noble world-wide service, is unable through lack of funds to carry out sorely-needed building alterations and additions?

We can assure our friends that any sums committed to us shall be effectively and economically expended, either in preparing the missionary for his life work,—and he *must* be prepared—or in opening up new fields to missionary activity, and carrying the joyful news to those who never yet have heard.

May we earnestly remind our friends how much they might help the work by *remembering the R.B.M.U. in their Will*. In order to make this easy we append, on the next page, the approved legal form of words, the employment of which will abundantly suffice to indicate the desire of the testator.

We would that we could share the prayer-responsibility for the whole work with an ever-widening circle of friends. *Here is our greatest need.* Only as the work is rooted and grounded in prayer can it prosper and have good success. How feebly do we recognize the dependence of missionaries in the field upon Christians at home, in relation to spiritual as well as temporal supplies. As the diver is dependent upon the faithful vigilance of those who pump down the fresh air, without which he could only survive a few moments in the depths whither his duty calls him, so dependent are those who have gone down into the depths of heathendom upon the prayers, sympathy and support of Christians who stay at home.

H.G.G.

Form of Bequest to the R.B.M.U.



I give and bequeath to the REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION, Incorporated 1903, the Registered Office of which is Harley House, Bow, London, E., the sum of pounds sterling, free of duty, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being, whose receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

[Any legacy thus left without further specification will be used in connection with the Training, Evangelistic, and Medical Mission work at home, or the Foreign Missions of the Union, as may be deemed expedient.]

Should friends, however, wish to leave money to some special department of the Union, they may adopt one or more of the following clauses :—

I give and bequeath to the { Missionary Training Colleges, or the Congo Balolo Mission, or the South American work, or the Behar (Bengal Presidency) Mission

in connection with the **REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION**, Incorporated 1903, the Registered Office of which is Harley House, Bow, London, E., the sum of pounds sterling, free of duty, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being, whose receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

*** In the case of legacies already bequeathed to the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, or the Congo Balolo Mission, no alteration will be needed on account of the subsequent change of name and incorporation.

How to Help the R.B.M.U.



1. Join the **Regions Beyond Helpers' Union**, which involves a promise to pray for the work and to give at least Carey's weekly penny. To help them to do this, members receive a copy of "REGIONS BEYOND," the monthly magazine of the R.B.M.U.
2. Become responsible for the support of a **substitute** in the Foreign Field.
3. Undertake the support of a **Native Teacher** or **Evangelist** on the Congo, in Argentina, Peru, or Behar.
4. Take a "**Do Without**" Box, and collect for :—
 - (a) The General Funds of the R.B.M.U.
 - (b) The support of an individual missionary.
 - (c) The Congo Balolo Mission.
 - (d) The Argentine Mission.
 - (e) The Peru Mission.
 - (f) The Behar Mission.
 - (g) The Siwan and Motihari Orphanages.
 - (h) The Training Work at Harley College or Doric Lodge.
5. Arrange for a Drawing-room or Public Meeting in your neighbourhood, to be addressed by R.B.M.U. Workers.
6. Circulate the Literature published at Harley House amongst those who have never seen it.

Further information concerning any of these branches of work will be gladly supplied by the General Secretary,

THE REV. W. WILKES,

Harley House, Bow, London, E.

The Regions Beyond Missionary Union

(INCORPORATED 1903).

AN ORGANIZATION FOR

(1). The conduct and support of Evangelical Training Institutions in which suitable men and women from any nation or denomination are prepared for Foreign Missionary service.

(2). The advocacy by pen, platform, and pulpit, of the claims of GOD upon the life of every Christian, especially in view of the condition of the heathen world, and of the Great Commission of our ascended LORD JESUS CHRIST.

(3). Practical Missionary effort in many lands, as GOD may open the way with special reference to the regions beyond those already evangelized.

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SCOTLAND—GROVE STREET INSTITUTE, GLASGOW.
AUSTRALASIA—34, QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.
CANADA—210, SEATON STREET, TORONTO.

Founder:

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